

# THE SKETCH.

No. 85.—Vol. VII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MISS JESSIE PRESTON AS LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday.* The bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Crathie Parish Church (the book of which is noticed in our present issue) was opened by Princess Louise, and visited by the Queen. Of the £2000 wanted, £1280 was taken. Prince Henry of Battenberg took photos at five shillings each.—Mr. Delves, the President of the Trades Union Congress, in his inaugural address at Norwich, said that Collectivism was the only solution of the industrial problem.—Lord Dufferin occupied the chair at the seventeenth annual conference of the Library Association in Belfast. He spoke of the libraries as the treasure-houses of the past, and of the librarians as the priesthood of books.—It has now been ascertained that twenty-five persons were drowned in Morecambe Bay.—It appears that four bags, containing a large number of registered letters and other valuables, were stolen from the General Post Office on Saturday.—Four hundred people have lost their lives by the great forest fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin.—All the Australian Premiers have replied favourably to Mr. Reid's letter on Federation.

*Wednesday.* A painful accident occurred at Aldershot, where the Duchess of Connaught had undertaken to christen a captive balloon—the largest yet made for the service—bearing her name. As a preliminary, a smaller balloon was sent up as a captive, but was immediately struck by lightning, which fired the balloon, while the current passed down the wire cable holding it, and threw three men of the Royal Engineers to the ground. Two are in a precarious condition.—The Queen visited the Crathie Church Bazaar three times.—Mr. Chamberlain told the Liverpool Unionists that the Government had done more than any of its predecessors to degrade the House of Commons. He ridiculed the agitation against the Lords, and praised the Conservatives for their readiness to adopt reforms.—Major the Hon. North Dalrymple, Scots Guards, was chosen Unionist candidate for Midlothian.—Mrs. Augusta Webster, the poetess, died at Kew. She began publishing more than thirty years ago. For six years she represented Chelsea on the School Board.—A resolution in favour of a universal eight-hours day was carried at the Trades Union Congress by 256 votes to 5.—The Inter-Parliamentary Conference, sitting at the Hague, at the instance of Mr. P. Stanhope, M.P., appointed a committee to draw up a scheme for the establishment of an International Tribunal of Arbitration.—This was the thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte, and the Positivists met at the tomb of the philosopher in Père Lachaise Cemetery.—Seven hundred Japanese residents in Shanghai have resolved to quit the city.—A junk which was approaching Shanghai to-day was blown up by a floating torpedo.—The American forest fires seem to have burned themselves out. Nine towns in Minnesota and eighteen in Wisconsin have been destroyed.

*Thursday.* Resolutions in favour of State Socialism and of the nationalisation of "the whole means of production, distribution, and exchange" were passed by the Trades Union Congress.—Mr. Chamberlain, speaking once more at Liverpool, said the gulf between the Liberal Unionists and the Gladstonians could not now be bridged over.—There was a serious collision between the police and the coal strikers' pickets at Lesmahagow.—The seventy-eighth Braemar gathering was attended by the Queen.—A forged draft for £4800 was cashed at Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Company's Bank, Lombard Street.—Some Birmingham detectives, disguised as mourners returning from a funeral, raided a tavern suspected to be a betting-house.—The death is announced of Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield. He entered the Navy in 1832.—Dr. Oronhyatekha, of Toronto, a prince of the royal house of the Mohawk tribe, and Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, who is in this country on a visit, was entertained at lunch at the Hôtel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, by the London High Court of the Order. He was educated at the expense of the Prince of Wales at the University of Oxford, where he qualified with high honours.—M. Stambuloff was charged in a police-court at Sofia to explain the remarks on the character of Prince Ferdinand which he is said to have made in the course of an interview published in a German newspaper. He was held to bail in £1400.—The New South Wales Legislature has decided to make the eight-hours day compulsory in mines.—H.M.S. Ringarooma stranded on a reef while surveying in the vicinity of the New Hebrides.—Some serious forest fires have occurred in that part of Canada adjoining Northern Minnesota.—Floods have delayed the long-expected battle in Corea.

*Friday.* The German Emperor delivered an extraordinary speech to the Prussian nobility in the course of a State banquet at Königsberg last night. The Kaiser had excluded six of the most prominent members of the Agrarian League from the list of guests at the banquet, for he declared that an opposition of Prussian nobles against their King was a monstrous thing. It was justifiable only when the King himself stood at its head. Like his Imperial grandfather, he represented the monarchy by right divine.—Mr. S. Woods, M.P., was elected secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, defeating Mr. Fenwick, M.P., and Mr. Tom Mann. Cardiff was chosen as next year's place of meeting.—The annual conference of the Postmen's Union was opened at Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Mr. Samuel Morris, Nationalist, was returned to Parliament unopposed for South Kilkenny.—The Duke and Duchess of York

arrived at Castle Bromwich as the guests of Viscount Newport.—It appears that two forgeries, involving £3830, have been passed at Messrs. Coutts's Bank.—The Austrian Emperor arrived at Lemberg, where he will visit the Galician Exhibition.—A new Japanese commander-in-chief, Count Yamagata, has been appointed in Corea. The Japanese have occupied a large island in Society Bay, north-west of Port Arthur, which is to be used as a base of operations.

*Saturday.* The Comte de Paris succumbed to his long and tedious illness at 7.40 this morning. The Comte was the grandson of Louis Philippe, the last king of France. Born in 1838, he was educated in England, which he had to make his home, first in 1848, and where he had resided since the Act expelling from French territory the direct heirs of any family that have reigned in France. He married, in 1864, his cousin, the Princess Marie Isabella, eldest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, by whom he had six sons—the eldest of them the Duc de Orléans—and four daughters, one of whom is the Queen of Portugal.—The great Helmholtz also died to-day, in his seventy-third year. His contributions to optics and sound were among the most brilliant of the century, and the Emperor conferred on him a title of nobility in 1883.—The foundation-stone of the New General Hospital, Birmingham, which will cost of nearly £250,000 and will accommodate 600 patients, was laid by the Duke of York. One of the features of the day was a guard of honour formed by a body of Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans, some eighty in number. Sir Francis de Winton, Comptroller of the Duke's household, was taken seriously ill early in the days' proceedings.—Two more blast furnaces were damped down in Scotland, leaving only, owing to the miners' strike, two in operation, and reducing the output of iron from 21,000 tons per week to 600 tons.—Zola and the editor of *Gil Blas* have been served with writs for libelling the builder of the church at Lourdes.

*Sunday.* The Comte de Paris' death is commented on at great length in all the newspapers. To-night's *Court Circular* says that the Queen received the news with much concern. The Comte was "related to her Majesty through his late mother, the Duchess of Orleans, who was a cousin of the Prince Consort, and was also closely connected to the Queen, his uncles and aunts being near relatives of her Majesty. The Queen entertained a sincere regard for the Comte de Paris, whom she had known from his early childhood." The public were admitted to Stowe House to see the body. The Comte lay on a bed with his hands clasped in each other. On his breast was resting a large cross, and at the foot of the bed the tricolour flag was lying partly folded near the left-hand side. A priest and several members of the family stood guard over the remains.—The Cologne express from Paris collided this forenoon at Apilly (a small station between Noyon and Chauny) with a goods train which was shunting as the express passed. Ten persons were killed and about twenty injured. The station-master, on seeing that an accident was inevitable, went out of his mind, and, throwing himself under the train, was killed on the spot.—The rebuke administered by the Kaiser to the Prussian nobility at the Königsberg banquet on Thursday has produced a profound sensation in Berlin.

*Monday.* The Duke and Duchess of York visited Liverpool to lay the foundation-stone of the new General Post Office.—Lord Rosebery received the freedom of Dingwall, with which Mr. Gladstone is closely connected.—A meeting to bid farewell to General Booth, who is starting on a tour through Canada and America, was held in the Queen's Hall.—The birthday of the Prophet of Arabia was celebrated by the Anjuman-i-Islam in the Holborn Restaurant.—Two women have been arrested in connection with the great Post Office robbery.—A despatch from Shanghai received in Copenhagen states that negotiations are proceeding for an armistice between China and Japan; but this is uncorroborated. Admiral Ting, commander of the Chinese fleet recently cruising in the Gulf of Pechili, has been degraded for cowardice and incapacity, for, it is believed, failing to prevent the entrance of the Japanese into the Gulf of Pechili, which resulted in their capturing an island of much strategical importance.

The gift of the French nation to the Czarevitch upon the occasion of his wedding will have for its chief feature a dinner service of exquisite Sèvres porcelain for a hundred people. By an ingenious arrangement each plate will bear six escutcheons of different French towns. Since there are 1200 towns in France which can claim heraldic distinction, and since there will be 600 plates in the set, the same pattern will only occur three times in reproduction. The gift will be in its entirety of extraordinary magnificence, although the cost will not be as exceptional as might have been expected, as most of the designs had been already prepared for Leo the Thirteenth's jubilee for a present which never succeeded in reaching its destination.

Vienna is about to put on record a curious exhibition, for which the authorities of the Art Museum are to be responsible. It will consist of the pictures, portraits, costumes, manuscripts, and relics generally connected with the Congress that was held at Vienna in the year of the battle of Waterloo. To make the exhibition of more than merely local interest, other countries have been invited to join in it, and to contribute any such relics as may be in their possession. The exhibition will open some time in the winter.



## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "THE FATAL CARD," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

When a young man in the first act of an Adelphi melodrama saves another man's life, and receives from him a half of an ace of clubs by way of acknowledgment and as a pledge of return service should occasion arise, it is pretty obvious that somewhere about the last act we shall find the original rescuer and rescued changing places. Moreover, when the hero visits his father in the City for the purpose of asking his blessing and an allowance for his proposed marriage, and the father's attitude is so hard and unsympathetic as to provoke a quarrel, whereat the son goes away in anger, and ostentatiously leaves his walking-stick behind, after which some bond-robbers enter the old man's office and murder him with his son's stick, it would be flying in the face of Adelphi providence if the police did not accuse the innocent hero of his father's murder. Now, it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Haddon

awaiting his opportunity, Dixon enters Austen's office and attempts to chloroform him, but the old man struggles, and recognises him, whereupon the robber seizes the first available weapon, which happens to be Gerald's stick, and knocks Austen on the head with fatal results. Gerald returns, and, finding the door locked, addresses his father from the outside in kindly tones of reconciliation, asking him to forget their recent quarrel, and let him get his walking-stick. But receiving no response, Gerald goes away, and then, as the terrified murderers are making off with their booty, they are discovered by Marrable's discarded mistress from the Rocky Mountains, who demands marriage as the price of her silence. Gerald first hears of his father's murder through the evening paper, and gathers at once that he is suspected, because his stick has been found. However, Marrable and Dixon behave so strangely, and "give themselves away" to such an extent, that suspicions are awakened, not only in the mind of Margaret, who is, of course, torn by conflicting emotions on her father's and her lover's accounts, but also in the mind of Gerald's genial comic friend, Harry Burgess. Margaret,

MR. TERRISS AND MISS MILLARD.—Act II.



HARRY BURGESS (MR. HARRY NICHOLLS) to CECILE AUSTEN (MISS LAURA LINDEN): "Don't look! Don't look! But will you accept me? Then squeeze the fishing-rod, but don't look!"—Act III.

"THE FATAL CARD," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Chambers and Mr. B. C. Stephenson that, while in their new play, "The Fatal Card," they have "exhausted the obvious," they have still managed to write a very effective drama.

George Forrester, known in the world of respectability as George Marrable, is a criminal by instinct and force of circumstances, with strong domestic tendencies and an absorbing love for his "one fair daughter Margaret." He has led a rough life in the Wild West, and in the course of his experiences he was once within an ace of being lynched, when brave and gallant Gerald Austen, without being formally introduced, saved his life and compassed his escape, for which service Forrester was so grateful that he gave Gerald half the ace, which had been up his sleeve, in lieu of a visiting card. Returning to England, Forrester, now Marrable, lives apparently the life of a scientific chemist, with a City office, and a charming place on the Thames, but his real occupation is robbery and altering the numbers of stolen bonds, and he is the leader of a gang, with a craven scoundrel, named James Dixon, for his lieutenant. It happens that Gerald Austen and Marrable's daughter, Margaret, are mutually in love, though the two men do not recognise each other, and it also chances that the next crime to be perpetrated by Marrable and Dixon is the robbery of some bonds which the elder Mr. Austen is expecting to receive on Bank Holiday. Marrable has taken an office on the same floor as Austen's, and he and Dixon are lying in wait, when they are for the time nonplussed by the visit of Gerald to his father. At last they watch the son depart, and then,

overhearing a rendezvous between Marrable and Dixon, informs her lover that some men are to meet at "The Cottage"—her father's laboratory—that night: Gerald betakes him thither, and hides where he is able to overhear Marrable, Dixon, and two accomplices discussing his father's murder and sharing the plunder. Gerald reveals himself, denounces them as murderers, and, after the fashion of melodramatic heroes, proclaims his intention of giving them up to justice and having them hanged. This, of course, they, on their parts, do not intend to permit, so a scuffle ensues, and after Gerald has felled two of his opponents he is eventually secured and bound, while they cast lots to decide who shall silence his evidence for ever. The lot falls to the reluctant Marrable, and when left alone with Gerald he produces an infernal machine and sets its clockwork in motion, for he means to blow Gerald and the house to eternity. Five minutes of life are left to Gerald, who means to die gamely, but he asks Marrable to take from his pocket-book a miniature of his brother to give to Margaret, and on doing this the murderer finds the half of the ace of clubs—the fatal card. Rapid explanations follow, and Marrable cuts Gerald's bonds, determining to die in his place. Just then Margaret rushes in, and to save her Gerald takes up the infernal machine and flings it through the window. There is a terrific explosion, the cottage is wrecked, Marrable is killed, the other criminals are arrested, Gerald vows to devote his life to Margaret, and a vigorous, effective, and well-acted drama ends amid vociferous applause, liberally awarded to authors, actors, and managers.

M. C. S.



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## MY BABES IN THE WOOD.\*

I know a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,  
Than any story painted in your books.  
You are so glad? It will not make you gladder;  
Yet listen, with your pretty, restless looks.

"Is it a Fairy Story?" Well, half fairy—  
At least, it dates far back as fairies do,  
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;  
Yet half—perhaps the fairy half—is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother  
(Two very dainty people, rosiely white,  
Each sweeter than all things except the other!),  
Older yet younger—gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,  
And think with yearning tears how each light hand  
Crept towards bright bloom or berries—I shall never  
Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I missed them  
First, in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;  
But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,  
My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished  
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,  
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,  
For their small sakes, since my most lovely loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered,  
By robins, out of apple-flowers they knew,  
Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine hovered,  
Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were—what yours are! At this you wonder.  
Their pictures are—your own, as you have seen;  
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under  
Lost leaves—why, it is your dead selves I mean!

SARAH PIATT.

\* From "Poems," by Mrs. Piatt. Two vols. (Longmans.)

## 'Twas IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"Passers-by in Trafalgar Square," writes a newspaper correspondent, "last night and to-night were horrified to see, high up on Nelson's Monument, an advertisement, in letters of light, of somebody's liver pills, this result being obtained by means of a powerful magic-lantern placed on the roof of one of the adjoining houses." The same writer adds, with almost blameworthy mildness, "I really think this is going too far, and that some steps ought to be taken to put a stop to the desecration of our national monuments." Waiving, for a moment, the opinion of enthusiasts that Trafalgar Square is the finest open space of any city in the world, there can be no doubt that it would be impossible to discover so noble an effect in any other square of London itself; and with precise malice, this is probably the very fact which has induced these Vandals to use it for the purpose of notifying to the public at large the existence of their terrifying wares. Where else but in the home of the free would such treatment be tolerated for an instant in that particular portion of the town which is covered with historic memories?

A suggestion made by the very correspondent whose opinion we have quoted above is too valuable to be allowed to pass, for it is a very interesting suggestion indeed. He proposes that a tax should be laid upon street advertisements. The thing sounds simple; yet consider the far-reaching effects which it would have. In the first place, a scale, under the direction of an artistic eye, might be arranged, whereby the more hideous and impossible of these advertisements might be taxed more heavily than others. Then, if tradesmen insisted upon such displays we might at least have the consolation of knowing that ugliness was being compensated by a significant reduction in our income-tax.

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## TWO AMERICAN POETS.\*

Of this poetry by two Americans, Mr. Piatt's is by far the most distinctly American. His is full of local colour, if that be not an inadequate phrase to express the vast and splendid colour of illimitable Western prairies and forests. In his long residence in Ireland Mr. Piatt has been caught by the fascinations of that alluring land, a land which lays spells on the heart of the stranger now as in the days when she made the sons of her English conquerors more Irish than the Irish. Mr. Piatt's poetry is never less than worthy, yet his poems written under new world inspiration have far less reason for existence than his American poems. In the poems written in his young manhood, of War days and days before the War, in the Western States of America, there



Photo by Guy and Co., Cork.

MRS. PIATT.

is precisely the quality we demand from such poetry. Every poet, if he be worth hearing, has his special reason and his special message. Mr. Piatt's American poetry is that of a poet who has lived among the scenes he portrays, and has borne a receptive eye and heart for the grand natural beauty of a world where man was but a recent comer. There is a pioneer air in his book, a sense as of something new and vast and untravelled. The very titles of the poems are stimulating: "The Pioneer's Chimney," "Fire Before Seed," "New Grass," "Fires in Illinois," "Land in Cloud"—and he who looks further will not be disappointed in finding a land of wider horizons and vaster air than ours. Mr. Piatt is a robust poet, and robustness is not so common a quality in poetry, except of the greatest. He is really as manly as Whitman, while his form is careful enough to please old world readers. In these poems thought and measure march well together. He is influenced often to the gentle measures Longfellow affected, but the thoughts his poems contain are usually finer and more open-air than the sweet-natured optimism which has made Longfellow the most popular of all poets. One remembers, in "Their Wedding Journey," how Mr. Howells makes his hero quote Mr. Piatt's "Morning Street," and continues—

"How lovely!" said Isabel; "whose is it?" "Ah! a poet's," answered her husband; "a man of whom we shall one day, any of us, be glad to say that we liked him before he was famous. What a nebulous sweetness the first lines have, and what a clear, cool light of daybreak in the last!"

Mr. Howells was Mr. Piatt's early friend. The two were boys together in a newspaper office in Cincinnati, and together they published their "Poems by Two Friends," before Mr. Howells discovered that his

genius was for the slow and exquisite delineation of character that wraps us into absorption before his most storyless book.

Mr. Piatt's marriage was a union of North and South. Mr. Piatt fought in the War on the side of the North. Mrs. Piatt was of an old Kentucky family who had long been slave-owners. Even still Mrs. Piatt will not believe that the freeing of the slaves was entirely wise and desirable—an opinion which recent race troubles in the Southern States seem to bear her out. She was writing before marriage in the columns of American newspapers. She was then Sarah, or Sallie, Bryan, a name which has an Irish suggestion, though Mrs. Piatt has no Irish blood. But the poetry of those days was thin as compared with the full gift that came to her with marriage and motherhood. Those two great experiences of life to women have found a subtle and passionate interpreter in Mrs. Piatt. She is especially the poet of motherhood, and her poems are exquisite reading in a day when the New Woman would abjure in her folly the one exaltation of which no man, in any age, could ever deprive her. Motherhood makes the predominating and poignant motive in Mrs. Piatt's poetry. She is the first woman, strangely enough, to give adequate expression to the world-old cry in the hearts of women, for Mrs. Browning, a greater and more unequal woman than Mrs. Piatt, was at her weakest and most hysterical in her poems of motherhood. Great men have sometimes interpreted us out of great sympathy. In a sense there is more poignancy in Macduff's—

All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

than in every line Mrs. Browning wrote of the deaths of children. It is this universal note in her poetry that makes Mrs. Piatt to be of no country and no clime. We remember that she is American when the wings of a blue-bird flash in azure through a poem. For the rest she belongs to all women. She does not often interpret us the child from the child's standpoint, as Mr. Stevenson does; she more often looks at him with a sad grown-up laughter. She interprets again the vague and wistful melancholy of the mothers who see their children grow up, and grieve for the exquisite childhood gone for ever, not like other gifts of God that, we trust, await us in a securer keeping. This feeling for the child makes the woman's heart maternal to all the world.

Mrs. Piatt's poetry is that of a subtle nature, yet so simple is it that it may be understood by the most unlearned. The occasional colloquialism of expression is a piquant hint of her American birth, and another pleasant little sign is the frank *naïveté* of some of her utterances. Her poetry is melancholy—a melancholy born of the sadness that has fallen upon a nature in itself gay and winsome. The fear of death that comes to a sensitive woman hand in hand with love broods on many of her pages. But flashes of sunshine keep her from ever being monotonous. Hers is the sadness of a happy woman in a sense, and it is easy to see that she has never "fallen too low for special fear." Her residence in Ireland, by the sad sea waves, has, perhaps, increased the melancholy in her poems; but who that knew the place of these poets' exile but would say that it was the most likely in all the world to foster a poet's dreams? Theirs was a grey house, gabled and oriel windowed, brooding at the sea's edge. Behind it the woods were green, or scarlet and gold, to the crest of a high hill, and made dense shadow by night. The house looked across the lovely harbour that could take many fleets, yet remains nearly all its length untenanted, to the gates of the Atlantic. Over there, between the two forts, the ships sail away to America. How often those American-bound ships stirred homesick tears in the breasts of these exiles! Yet in long exile one's heart throws out tendrils to the land of her adoption, and, now that they are really turning their faces homeward, it is bitter to go. The Piatts lost one child by drowning at Queenstown, and he lies buried in Clonmel parish churchyard, close by the grave of Wolfe, the poet who wrote that immortal poem beloved especially of boys, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." But that beautiful, treacherous sea which bereft her, and which she always bitterly feared for her living children, she would take out of the world with her if she could. She has said it in one of her most beautiful and passionate poems, unwisely omitted from this collection—

Some sweetest mouth on earth, bitter with brine,  
That would not kiss you back, you may have kissed,  
Counting your treasures by your night-lamp's shine,  
Some head that was your gold you may have missed.  
Some head that glimmers down the unmeasured wave  
And makes an utter darkness where it was,  
Or, flung back in derision, lights some grave,  
Some sudden grave cut sharp into the grass.  
If so, there shall be no sea there! And yet  
Where is the soul that would not take the sea  
Out of the world with it? What wild regret  
In God's high inland country there must be!  
Never to lift faint eyes in love with sleep  
Across the spiritual dawn, and see  
Some lonesome water-bird standing dream-deep  
In mist and tide. How bitter it would be!  
Never to watch the dead come sailing through  
Sunset, or stars, or dew of dusk or morn,  
With flowers shut in their folded hands that grew  
Down there in that green world where I was born.  
There shall be no sea there! What shall we do?  
Shall we not gather shells then any more,  
Or write our names in sand as here, we two,  
Who watch the moon set on this island shore?

It is such impassioned sincerity as rings in this poem that goes to make Mrs. Piatt's poetry a human document.

\* "Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley." By J. J. Piatt.  
"Little New World Idylls." By J. J. Piatt. London: Longmans and Co.  
"Poems." By Mrs. Piatt. Two vols. London: Longmans and Co.



## A FAMOUS AMERICAN IMPRESARIO.

MR. HENRY E. ABBEY.

American enterprise is proverbial, and Mr. Henry E. Abbey is its embodiment. Not content with managing the Metropolitan Opera House and Abbey's Theatre in New York, and the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and importing not only famous European "stars," but whole companies, into the United States, and introducing American artists like Miss Mary Anderson to Europe, he, sighing for fresh fields to conquer, comes over here with his partner, Mr. Maurice Grau, establishes himself in permanent offices in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and for the fourth time in his life "runs" the Lyceum Theatre, on this occasion for a short season, to produce a comic opera which has cost a sum of £7000!

I found Mr. Abbey busily occupied with his faithful lieutenant, Mr. Charles Abud, but still amiably disposed for a chat.

"Your career has been a very remarkable one, Mr. Abbey. Did you begin as a New York manager?"

"Well, no. First I was what you would call a provincial manager, taking companies on the road, you know. Then, in November, 1876, I leased the Park Theatre, New York; but this house was burned down in 1882, just the night before Mrs. Langtry was to open there. I then had the Grand Opera House (built by James Fisk) on lease from Jay Gould, but I sold the lease to French. In 1880 I had Booth's Theatre, and ran it for about a year and a half, and there Edwin Booth and other noted actors of our own acted under my management, while Adelaide Neilson played her last engagement there, and Sarah Bernhardt played her first in America. More recently, you know, I have, together with my partners, Mr. Grau and Mr. Schoeffel, who is the stay-at-home member, built Abbey's Theatre in New York, and a beautiful theatre it is."

"Have you a stock company to fill in the time between your 'star' engagements?"

"No, Abbey's Theatre is entirely for what we call 'combination' companies. For instance, Francis Wilson has just commenced an eight weeks' season with Jakobowski's other new opera, 'The Devil's Deputy.' Then, on Nov. 5, Miss Lillian Russell goes there, perhaps with 'The Queen of Brilliants,' for seven weeks. That's why the season at the Lyceum must be limited to six weeks. On Dec. 24 we have Mr. and Mrs. Kendal for five weeks with 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' and their *répertoire*. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and the Haymarket company follow on Jan. 28, and they play five weeks in New York, two at our theatre in Boston, two in Philadelphia, and two in Chicago, though, if we arrange for a week in Washington, we shall have to take a week off somewhere else. Sarah Bernhardt opens with us at Abbey's on Feb. 25, and plays for six weeks, and so on. During July and August we close."

"Taking 'stars' over to America and elsewhere is a special feature of your business, Mr. Abbey: I suppose it pays you well?" I asked.

"Yes, and it pays them well, too. I have taken Sarah Bernhardt not only to the States, but South America, Australia, Russia—in fact, she has played under my management in nearly every civilised country on earth, and has only fulfilled one engagement outside Paris which has not been under my direction, and everywhere she is a tremendous draw, especially in America. Do you know, I have paid her, as I have also paid Adelina Patti, altogether over £200,000, and Madame Sarah has received from me as much as £3800 in a single week."

"What rich women they must be!"

"Madame Patti is, yes; but Madame Sarah is too generous and open-handed ever to be really rich."

"You have also taken Coquelin and Jane Hading to America?"

"Yes, and last year Mounet Sully; but Sarah Bernhardt and Henry Irving with Ellen Terry are my greatest draws. Mr. Irving's first and last seasons have been the most successful, the last phenomenally so, and I have arranged to take him and his company over again next year. Do you know, we took last season during the twenty-eight weeks of Mr. Irving's American tour as much as £125,000!"

"That sounds enormous; but are not the seats more expensive than in our theatres, and is not the seating capacity greater?"

"Well, you see, we charge only three prices all over America for Irving and Sarah Bernhardt—that is, three dollars (twelve and sixpence) for stalls, and two dollars and one for other parts of the house: nothing less than a dollar. At those prices Mr. Irving and his company have played to as much as £790 a night, whereas the maximum that could be taken at the Lyceum is £430. But with great popular attractions we certainly achieve some extraordinary results. For instance, last season we took for fourteen performances of Mr. Irving's company in San Francisco, in two weeks, 61,400 dollars. Then with Sarah Bernhardt in San Francisco we took on one occasion 40,038 dollars, and in 1891, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, nine performances realised 43,883 dollars. This, however, was exceptional. We had announced the sale of tickets to begin on the Thursday, and by the Tuesday morning people had already taken up positions to wait. Of course, these were commissionaires and others specially engaged for the purpose. By the Wednesday morning the crowd had increased to such an inconvenient extent that we determined to sell the seats by auction there and then, and by this means, during the three days the auction continued, we netted nearly £2000 (9889-37 dollars) premium on the tickets sold."

"That was, I suppose, a record sale?" I said.

"Well, yes; and I'll tell you another. You know, during the Exposition at Chicago I and my partners produced a spectacular piece on the lines of 'Constantinople,' employing 600 performers, at the Auditorium Theatre in New York, which seats 4000 persons and has

standing room for 2000 more. Well, we took £2200 a day during the month of October, and, altogether, £200,000 during the six and a-half months of the show. But we spent £26,000 on the production itself."

These figures made my brain reel, so I turned the conversation towards Mr. Abbey's experiences as the leading operatic *impresario* of America.

"You know, of course, that I have the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the best constructed house in the world for the production of opera, and certainly the most comfortable. We pay more attention to the comfort of the audience in American theatres than you do here, and a great advantage is that one can walk straight from the street into the stalls without any stairs or winding corridors. I wonder someone does not build a theatre in London on the American principle. I opened the Metropolitan Opera House in 1883 with grand opera, but my first season was unsuccessful, though I had Christine Nilsson and Sembrich, against Mapleson's company with Patti and Gerster. After this the stockholders ran German opera for seven years, and I am sure Wagner's operas have never been better done at Bayreuth itself; but since then I have been giving Italian and French operas with great success. Of course, I have grand companies: for instance, at the same time I have the two greatest tenors in the world, Jean de Reszke and Tamagno, and also Maurel and Edward de Reszke, and Lassalle. I find great casts pay. In November I shall do 'Carmen' with the two De Reszkes, Zélie de Lussan as Carmen, and actually Melba as Michaela. When I do 'Faust' with the De Reszkes, Lassalle, Eames, and Scalchi, I never play to less than £1800 a performance."

"Do you find American taste for opera similar to English?"

"Well, I find operas like 'Faust,' 'Carmen,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the older favourites most successful. We did big business with the 'Cavalleria' when we gave it with 'Pagliacci,' and Calvé sang in both; but it was not very successful when we played it with 'Philémon et Baucis,' nor was 'Orfeo' a success with the Ravoglis. This autumn we shall do 'Falstaff' with Maurel—unlike Sir Augustus Harris, I have a free hand as to the cast—Massenet's 'Manon,' and perhaps 'Elaine.'"

"Are you taking over any new artists of importance?"

"Yes; Myra Heoler, a Russian mezzo-soprano from Cracow; Mantelli, an Italian contralto, who has never sung in Paris or London, and a tenor named Bensusende."

"You pay larger salaries in America than we do here, don't you?"

"It all depends; we pay well for exceptional talent. For instance, Lillian Russell commands and receives her £300 a-week all the year round, and she deserves it. You don't pay anything like that here; but Lillian Russell—well, I think nobody can approach her in her particular line."

M. C. S.

## "THE QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS."

"The Queen of Brilliants" is a sumptuous and a beautiful show—indeed, I do not remember ever having seen a comic opera produced on so lavish and magnificent a scale. From the first scene to the last the eye is constantly delighted and the pictorial sense satisfied by a succession of attractive stage pictures composed of more or less shapely figures in beautiful and handsome costumes, artistically grouped against picturesque backgrounds. As a spectacular production there is no doubt that "The Queen of Brilliants" is a great success, and I cannot help thinking that this was the principal aim of Messrs. Abbey and Grau's enterprising management, this and the desire to provide a worthy setting for their Queen of Brilliants, Miss Lillian Russell. As for the opera itself—well, Mr. Jakobowski had written some light, pretty, and tuneful music to a German libretto, which told a somewhat complex story, and Mr. Brandon Thomas was called in to adapt this and put it into something like dramatic shape, though I fancy it might have been wiser to allow the clever author of "Charley's Aunt" to evolve an entirely new libretto of his own, and I warrant he would have given us something infinitely more amusing. However, Mr. Thomas has pursued his difficult and unaccustomed task with his usual loyalty, and if the story of "The Queen of Brilliants" is not presented altogether with crystal clearness, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the German original was, according to trustworthy report, exceedingly obscure. However, the main point is that Betta, the heroine, is a wayward young woman of strong feeling and individual character, and when her career as amateur fishergirl, and the beloved of a poor young architect, is cut short by her enforced retirement into a conventual Retreat for Superfluous Women she evinces such a rebellious spirit that the authorities will have none of her. Believing her lover to be false, though he is only playing a part, she is, after sundry visions—finely staged—persuaded to join a travelling circus troupe, and as the Queen of Brilliants she wins so much fame and fortune that she returns *incognita* to her impoverished native town, restores its prosperity through her benefactions, and eventually wins back her lover and her happiness. This character happily affords Miss Lillian Russell, who is a beautiful woman, opportunity for the display of some refined and graceful acting, as well as a voice of sweet and lovely quality. With such a *prima donna*, such tuneful music as M. Jakobowski's, and with such superb spectacular effects as Mr. Charles Harris has arranged, "The Queen of Brilliants" ought to enjoy success during those six weeks, especially if the first act be somewhat curtailed and clarified. And then it must not be forgotten that such popular and clever artists as Mr. W. H. Denny, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. John Le Hay, Miss Lizzie Ruggles, Mr. Fred Storey, Mr. Fred Wright, Madame Amadi, and Miss Annie Meyers, an engaging American *soubrette*, are at hand to render invaluable service and win successes of their own.

A. B.





THE TOILETTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## SMALL TALK.

A detachment of the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders is furnishing the usual royal guard during the Queen's residence at Balmoral. As a matter of fact, however, the real business of protecting the Queen is discharged by a picked body of men of the A Division of the Metropolitan Police, who always travel north with the royal train. The soldiers are stationed nine miles from Balmoral, at Ballater, where they occupy a small and very ugly-looking barracks, which was erected in 1872. The three officers of the Queen's guard have a very good time of it if they are fond of sport, as they are allowed the best of fishing and any quantity of shooting in the royal demesne.

Jane, Lady Churchill has accompanied the Queen to Balmoral as lady-in-waiting, and her successors in that office during the residence of the Court in Scotland will be the Dowager Duchess of Athole, Lady Antrim, and Lady Amphil.

The Queen sent an autograph letter of condolence to Lady Cowell, expressing her extreme regret at receiving the sad news of the sudden death of Sir John Cowell. The late Master of the Household had been for many years one of the most trusted members of the Queen's more immediate *entourage*, and it will be most difficult to replace him. There will, of course, be a host of applicants for the post, as it is one of the most desirable in the royal household. The salary is £1200 a year, and there are three houses—at Windsor, Osborne, and London—and innumerable perquisites.

During the Queen's residence at Balmoral the whole of her correspondence, both public and private, is sent up to London every day by a Home Service messenger, and then despatched from Buckingham Palace to the General Post Office by a functionary whose principal business it is to take charge of her Majesty's letters. He also goes to St. Martin's-le-Grand early every morning to receive all post letters for the Queen, and takes them to Buckingham Palace, whence they are despatched by special messenger in the course of the day to Balmoral.

The Queen has not yet made any of her usual excursions from Balmoral, but has confined herself to the beautiful and extensive private drives on the royal estate, and has several times paid afternoon visits to the Danzig Shiel in Ballochbuie Forest. Nor has there as yet been any shooting on either the Balmoral or Abergeldie grounds, but Prince Henry of Battenberg is to commence operations this week, and, as both red deer and roe-deer are very abundant, and appear to be in excellent condition, he should have first-rate sport.

The Princess of Wales is expected to remain at Fredensborg with the King and Queen of Denmark until the beginning of next month. The Princess has greatly improved in health since her arrival in her native country. Life at Fredensborg is usually of the quietest description, the chief diversions consisting of drives in the neighbourhood and visits to old friends on the estate, but now a series of entertainments is being held in honour of the Queen of Denmark's seventy-seventh birthday. On leaving Denmark, the Princess is to go to Scotland to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and she will probably be conveyed from Copenhagen to Aberdeen in the Osborne.

The Duke of Cambridge is expected to shoot at Six-Mile Bottom, between Cambridge and Newmarket, at the end of this month, and also in October, when the Prince of Wales will have a day there. The Duke of Cambridge is to be the guest of the Duke of Grafton at Euston Hall for a few days next month.

I am constantly being moved to ecstasies (writes a correspondent) by the very superior style of the very superior young and literary gentlemen of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I likewise admire the paper itself, and never lose an opportunity of reading it at my club, borrowing it from a friend, or turning over its pages on the bookstalls at the railway station. I even once went so far as to purchase a copy on an evening when I had backed a "gee-gee," and wanted to see whether it had won. Altogether, by dint of borrowing and kindred arts, I see a deal of the "*P.M.G.*," and the style of its young men makes my hair stand on end, like those very hackneyed quills upon the inevitable porcupine. Very much indeed should I like to meet one of the young gentlemen to whom the reviewing is entrusted. If you want properly to realise what very inferior things are Music, Art, and Literature, read the criticisms in the organ over which Mr. W. T. Stead once presided. There is nothing in art that can rise to the intellectual level of the "*P.M.G.*" reviewers, and the way in which they dispose of all productions with an inimitable mixture of pity and contempt is awe-inspiring. What is a Charing Cross Road reviewer like? Who has had the honour of speaking to one, or, better still, hearing one speak? Do they look like ordinary mortals? I can only picture one in Hamlet's words—

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.

Nothing shall persuade me that a young and literary light of Charing Cross Road leads an ordinary every-day sort of life. I am perfectly positive that he lives on nectar and ambrosia, that all the ancient ink-slingers, from Homer downwards, hold converse with him; that his is all the learning they can bestow, and that what he doesn't know cannot under any circumstances be accounted knowledge. It can only be for these reasons that he so frequently writes to the paper to defend his previous remarks, and I imagine that he is the mouthpiece of the intellectual judgment of the critics of all ages. What would be in the slang vernacular "side" in an ordinary reviewer is omniscience in the case of the Charing Cross Road genius. I once met a "*P.M.G.*" young man; in fact, I still meet him occasionally. He must be the exception that proves the rule, for I have caught him drinking a soda-and-whisky and smoking a cigarette with Mr. Slater in the lounge at the Empire. I am bound to think he must be a fallen angel, who will one day descend to the *Times* or *Athenæum*, for he is quite affable, and talks as though he were an ordinary mortal.

Being the other day in a contemplative mood and an omnibus, I was, while being moved by the latter to my destination, moved by the former to consider the woes of the ticket-inspector. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and the troubles of that much tried man shall serve me for a paragraph. The inspector, after jumping on the 'bus with a bewitching grace worthy of my favourite ballet *danseuse*, proceeded to ask me for my ticket, as I was nearest to him. I had torn it to shreds, but, having preserved the pieces, handed them to him. He looked at them and returned them with thanks, while I was so pleased with the politeness that I begged him not to mention it and to keep the change. He passed on to my next neighbour, a lady who was taking about three times the allotted space, and she snappily told him that the ticket had "been let fall." As polite as ever, he stooped and picked it up, while I looked on with breathless interest to see what a ticket that had "been let fall" looked like. The inspector's next application was to a humourist, who pulled a large handful of tickets from his coat and remarked, "'Ere, guv'nor, pick it out of this," while the large-hatted lady sitting next to him observed, "Lor', 'Enery, 'ow you do act about!" and produced the two tickets from her pocket, somewhat disconcerting the humourist aforesaid. The next and only remaining passenger—a choleric old gentleman—protested vigorously against having to show a ticket at all, being unnecessarily rude and bitter, as choleric old gentlemen will sometimes be. When it was all over the inspector went to the entrance of the 'bus, signed some paper, and mopping his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief, dropped silently on to the pavement. Poor fellow!

The other afternoon I added a rather surprising item of news to my theatrical knowledge, and with my usual generosity I am about to give it away. When "*Walker, London*" was about to be produced at Toole's Theatre the part of "*W. G.*" was offered to Miss Kate James, and very nearly accepted by her. I can't think of any play produced at the house in King William Street where a boy's part has been offered to a "burlesque boy," and I think Londoners missed a treat in not seeing Miss James in the character. Her Adelphi boys, although naturally very much coloured, were always very good, and she realised, as far as possible, the poor but somewhat idiotic waif who protects the hero, foils the villain, and usually succumbs in the last act but one to the accompaniment of slow funeral music. I think, however, that Miss James did best in "*Cinder-Willen*" at the Gaiety, when she took Nelly Farren's place. It must be very difficult to come after such an artist as the great Gaiety favourite, but she did so, and fairly delighted the audience. I saw her in the part about half-a-dozen times before one of those strange accidents which will occur in the best regulated Gaiety burlesques brought Miss Lind back to the scene of her former triumphs. *En passant*, I may mention that Miss Winifred Wood, whose mother is Miss James, continues to advance in the theatrical world, and is at present at the St. James's. She takes the drama very seriously, and looks down upon farce and burlesque. "But, you see," said Miss James, when discussing the matter, "they all take themselves very seriously at first."

One night last week the dulness and emptiness of town sat very heavily upon me. I did not know what to do or where to go, and after playing cards with men who made me feel, in the language of the poet, that "I'm only an amateur," I decided to go while I could get away with my watch-chain and sleeve-links. I found a brother penman ready to make history, so we went to a music-hall, where a "genuine variety entertainment" was in progress, and entered, as the classic people put it, "upon our faces." We arrived in time to see one Barwick imitating our only Irving, and then a horrible thing happened, for I laughed consumedly. Then the same Barwick sang a common or garden music-hall ditty, and still I laughed. The fact was that I had not been to a music-hall to see a variety entertainment for nearly a year, and the humour was fresh to me. My companion, whose duty it is to see the various shows of halldom, waxed exceedingly sarcastic at my expense, and asked what had become of my contempt for variety and all its ways. I could only humbly plead that I was very much amused, and that I had left my soulfulness at home. At last, to save the small remnants of my self-respect, I left the aristocratic region of the stalls, and went right up into a corner of the gallery, where I sat and laughed to my heart's content. I feel that it is shocking taste to wear anything but a bored and *blasé* expression at a place of entertainment, and I always do my best to assume one, but my long abstinence from this form of amusement had put me off my guard.



BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



Rude things are said about the exterior decorations of the Athenæum Club. To the wags of neighbouring clubs they suggest a "bride-cake," and all because a little fresh white paint has illuminated the woodwork of the windows. There is something so sacred in dinginess that any breach of the tradition excites mingled wrath and irony in Pall Mall.

Freedom of speech is theoretically, and often otherwise, a wise concession of the astute powers that be. But it strikes one that this quality of mercy may be overstrained occasionally in the uses to which some public places are perverted. I was a witness (at a sufficiently respectful distance) of the fight on Hampstead Heath on Saturday week, and can testify to reasonable colloquialism, not by the yard, but mile. "Why work," asked one impassioned orator, "when the shop windows invite you?" "The dark evenings approach," cried another possessor of the foreign accent; "let us attack the comfortable classes." Finally, some unsympathetic Britons bore down on the philosophers, and headgear flew about as the combatants exchanged views. The moral of the thing seems, however, to resolve itself into universal burglary insurance, and if a paternal Government will allow our ancestral silver teapots to be threatened on the Queen's highway we must take the unpoetic but practical caution aforesaid, after which the Anarchist will loom less large to our indemnified pantry.

There is an old Irish song with a crooning refrain at the end of each verse which announces that the singer has "walked the wide world through," but no one ever paid serious attention to the statement as being at all reliable. Here, however, is a muscular Christian—or otherwise—who has actually started to walk round this little planet, and, no doubt, hopes to tell the tale from his chimney-corner afterwards. M. Reingarten takes one guide, who is reported to know his way about, and has mapped out each day's tramp on this extended circuit with well-considered detail. He hopes to make the Persian frontier in December, and if the way prove too long and cold he can, at the worst, charter a Maxim flying-machine and flap home.

Never again can the sport beloved of Izaak Walton be considered "gentle" after the monster demonstration of London anglers on Sunday, who posted down to Amberley twelve hundred strong to whip the Arun for roach, bream, and any other piscatorial trifles that came. A fishing competition was the object of this exodus, and great anxiety felt as to who would secure the vantage points of the river, where a good basketful might be counted on. On a given signal from the starter there was a rush for the river banks and a show of "clean heels," to which a Rugby football match would have been a trifle. The extraordinary racket might, indeed, have scared any peaceably-minded fish into retiring, but excellent baskets were made, and the forty prizes fished for were duly awarded after the weighing-in ceremony during the evening.

The classic orgies of Barnet Fair, where dealers, drovers, and others of their ilk got gloriously drunk and remained so, have given way to more decorous manners since the abolition of the Lord Mayor's toll—an ancient privilege which accounted for more cracked pates than even an Irish fair could lay claim to. Where Oliver met the Artful Dodger is no more, therefore, a British Ballyhooly, and the brisk barter of horse and heifer is conducted without that inevitable "wetting of bargains" which led to feuds and faction fights half-a-dozen years ago. The only Hibernian element was represented by a number of excellent hunters, which brought excellent prices and were much in demand. Barnet is a high point of the Queen's highway, and used, in the aforesaid good old days, to be a favourite lay of the picturesque but unpleasant highwayman.

Dublin has never had such a Horse Show as this year. Ten years ago the attendance was but 26,000. This year it amounted to over

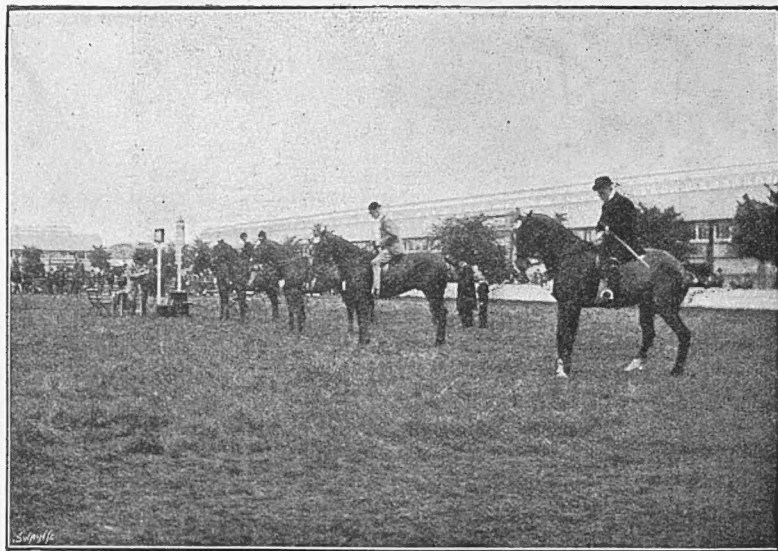


Photo by J. Ruthzen, Dublin.

IN THE RING: AWAITING THE JUDGES.

50,000. The lot of the "Distressful Country" is not so bitter as it has been, for which everybody must be thankful, because in its later stages, at least, Ireland does not sit under her grievances with equanimity.

The plaint of the pedlar might have formed a theme worthy of the silly season minor poet, if that blighted being had been adjacent to pastoral Sydenham some days since. A knight of the road who purveyed pears for the public indigestion, being denied admission at the turnstiles of the Crystal Palace, tried another manner of ingress by shaking a loose leg over the North Garden wall. Here, again, a vigilant custodian confronted the contrabandist, and the law later on found him worthy of a fine, on which his acutely-wounded feelings found vent in such iambics of Whitechapel that it seemed a pity the recording angel should have had it all to himself.

I hear that Mr. Carr is well satisfied with the success of "The New Woman," which will probably go better still when certain alterations which, as I write these lines, are in rehearsal have been duly carried out.

Mr. Percy Pettigrew may be heard explaining any night at the Comedy Theatre to a drawing-room full of New Women that it is to the music-hall that one must look for all that was brightest and best in



PERCY PETTIGREW (MR. STUART CHAMPION) IN "THE NEW WOMAN."

the old Hellenic spirit. It is probably on this principle that the young *littérateur* who has given us "Omar Khayyām" from the original Persian went to the halls to take unto him a mate.

The "New Woman" has entered another field, hitherto sacred to men. Miss C. Rogers has, I believe, the honour of being the first female insurance agent in the United Kingdom. She started her enterprise in Dublin, greatly to the astonishment of old-fashioned folks. Now she is connected with the Norwich Union, and is as indefatigable as she is successful in a sphere which is, in more than one respect, suitable to a woman. Miss Rogers, for instance, has an advantage in obtaining new clients in the heads of large drapery establishments, and in waiting upon ladies who desire insurance, but who would not care to treat with a "mere man."

Twenty pounds sterling may have seemed a rigorous punishment to the facetious youth on £100 a year who rang the fire-alarm at Forest Hill, and caused the firemen to turn out for his greater edification. Young gentlemen of his income should not indulge in such expensive relaxations, however. At two o'clock in the morning it is sometimes possible for everything to appear *couleur de rose*, and perhaps the scarlet fire-alarm was idealised on this occasion to match. The firemen who had to turn out of bed in vain might be pardoned for not sharing these views, and, meanwhile, a quarter's income or thereabouts has been offered as a holocaust to the fire-god, and a warning to posterity against small hours and exuberant spirits.

But for the ubiquitous and law-breaking old lady who frowns at all rules of the road and sniffs at regulations life would decidedly wax duller occasionally at the seaside as elsewhere, more especially if the belligerent dame affects small dogs of the over-fed bilious variety, for the chances of a canine comedy are never very remote. At Folkestone, a day or two since, as the 4th Dragoon Guards' band was giving vent to its most melting mess melodies, a short old lady of that determined exterior which has been known to subdue even 'bus conductors approached the gardens, leading a very small dog by a very long string. Her gate-shilling was duly offered, but the custodian of this paradise barred the way. "Beg pardin, Ma'am, but no dogs is allowed." Feigning deafness, the old lady endeavoured to slip by; but a blue-cloth arm intervened and the preamble was repeated. A torrent of eloquence thereupon broke over the luckless Bobby, and with a look which meant coffee for one and pistols for two she clutched her umbrella and prepared for war. But an untimely crisis arrived by doggie's going adrift in the excitement, and the last we saw was a woolly tail prancing along the road and its lawful mistress in unwieldy pursuit, much to the screaming delight of all small boys in the vicinity.

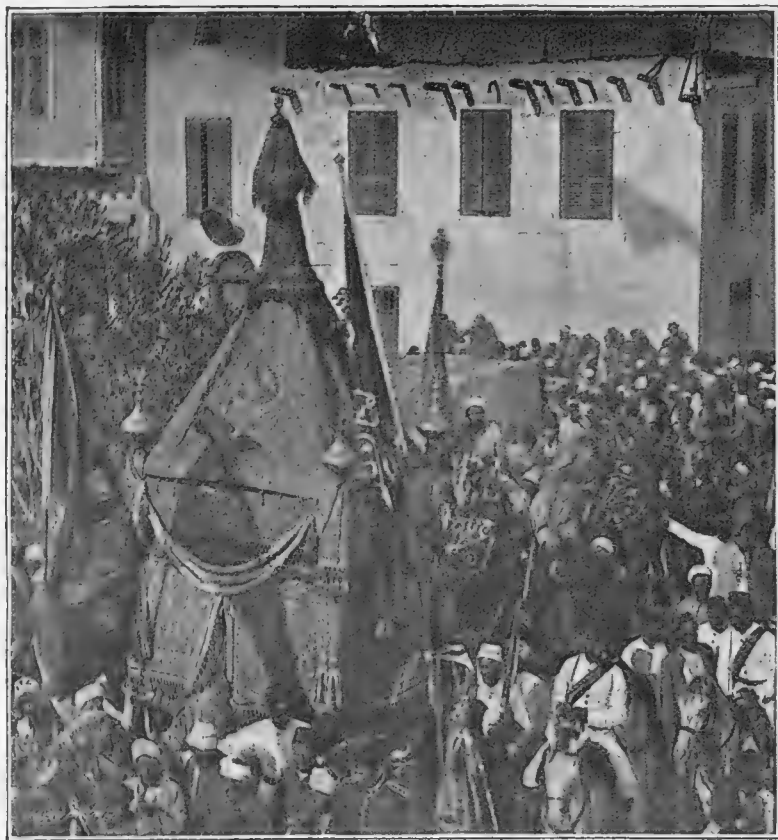




A SEA-SERPENT—ON THE FRENCH COAST.



The Holy Coat of Treves has many rivals, notably the Mahmal, or Sacred Carpet, which is sent annually from Cairo to Mecca. This year it returned to Suez on Aug. 3, its arrival being announced with a salute of twenty-one guns from the battery on the hill overlooking the town. As customary, the whole of the native population of Suez, dressed in holiday attire, was astir early that day to witness the arrival of the Mahmal and its picturesque following of mounted and dismounted



THE SACRED CARPET.

Photo by Besley, Suez.

troops, devotees, and priests, who, accompanied by the whole of the escort, including two mountain guns on mules and a military band, passed through the principal streets, which were crowded with sightseers. Immediately preceding the camel which carried the Holy Carpet, and which was gorgeously caparisoned, rode his Excellency Chakir Pasha, a venerable-looking old Turk with a flowing white beard, the functionary who is in charge of the caravan, and who is known locally by the name of the Emir-il-Hadj, or Chief of the Pilgrimage. Beside him rode Rachid Bey, the Governor of the town, and behind these two rode also Colonel Ibrahim Bey Raghi, the commandant of the escort, which consisted of about two hundred men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, all appearing in full uniform. The whole of the Ministries and other Government offices at Cairo and Suez remain closed on the day the Mahmal arrives at each respective town, and the occasion is one of great rejoicing at the capital, where it is conveyed with great ceremonial to the Cairo Citadel. This ceremony takes place on the large square below the Citadel, and at this function Nubar Pasha, the Premier, who is acting as Regent of Egypt during the absence of the youthful Khedive in Europe, represented his Highness this year. On the day of the pageant, at about nine o'clock, the Regent, accompanied by all the Ministers now in Egypt, all in full uniform and blazing with decorations and gold lace, arrived on the ground, escorted by a detachment of Egyptian Lancers, a royal salute being fired on his Excellency's arrival, as the Sovereign's representative. Shortly afterwards the Holy Carpet arrived with its escort, and was received with military honours, the Emir-il-Hadj formally handing his sacred charge over to the Regent, after which it was conveyed to its final resting-place in the Citadel.

It is a matter of congratulation that England is seldom cursed with such an autumn as we are having. There is no time of the year on which the average Briton so depends for his holiday, upon which seaside resorts depend so entirely for their very existence, and yet from all over the country comes the oft-told tale of rain, mist, and hail. The sun has absolutely refused to come out on business, and countless people have remained at home rather than go to the coast or the Continent to face the horrid weather. The amount of harm thus done is incalculable, while, when I think of the profit each hotel, boarding-house, and lodging-house keeper will feel duty bound to make out of the few patrons he or she may be favoured with, I am filled with compassion for those who have not stayed at home.

One of the indirect results of the breaking out of hostilities between China and Japan has been the publication in New York of a small daily Chinese paper, called the *Chinese News*. The title of the sheet, the address of the office, and the names of the editor, Yung Kwai, and of the two obviously American publishers are printed in a style understood of the Anglo-Saxon race; but otherwise Chinese characters only are

used for the two folio-sized three-column pages of this interesting little paper. It is illustrated topically, some of the cuts representing the crew of a Chinese man-of-war, Chinese troops on the march, and war-ships lying at anchor. The next historian of journalism ought not to omit mention of Yung Kwai's editorial exploits.

The Colonial theatre manager is not idle. As an example of his energy, the case may be taken of Messrs. Brough and Boucicault, who during their season at the Lyceum Theatre, Sydney, produced no fewer than eleven plays, four of which—namely, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Bauble Shop," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "The Cabinet Minister"—were quite new to the Australian stage. The revivals were "The Idler," "The Amazons," "Niobe," "Dandy Dick," and "A Village Priest." Mrs. Robert Brough and G. S. Titherage both appeared in the leading characters in every piece.

A local tailor in a pretty seaside place in Devon has betrayed a genius for appropriate advertisement. He makes clerical garments at a very small figure, and taking advantage of Archdeacon Farrar's appearance in the town, he exhibited a portrait of that dignitary attired in the canonicals which awaited customers. Perhaps the Archdeacon will introduce this incident into a sermon as a glowing image of plain living and high thinking.

Has ever a postal administration been more successful in the art of "how not to do it" than in the following instance? A man named Schwartz, living somewhere in Brandenburg, has only just received a letter which was posted to him from Schwerin on Aug. 3, 1886. Eight years to go a few hundred miles!

Why should London wait, indeed, and why need landlubbers lie down below while new and seductive pleasures await them on the roof? This treasure-trove requires no delving of the soil nor burrowing in mines—it is all aloft, and our sole excuse for overlooking it lies in the fact that we have been too busy with, perhaps, less important matters. We know that the ancients availed themselves of the roofs for pleasure and utility, but our roofs have been so skied above the eye-line as to escape attention, except when imperative through leakage, their extraneous utility adding risk to human life in over-wires and sky-signs. But now we are in a fair way to Paradise regained, with the worthy innovator, Mr. H. Pritchard, of Bradbury's printing firm, to the rescue. On the roof of this firm's factory and warehouse in Little Trinity Lane, E.C., may be witnessed the transformation scene referred to. There, amid plants and thriving evergreens, creepers, camp-tables, and garden-seats, may be seen happy groups of men and lads enjoying to the full the provision made for them, to the envy of less fortunate toilers at surrounding warehouses in the immediate vicinity, who make the most of their loopholes and less favoured roofs. One healthy feature about this new departure is that it favours honest toil, and another is that the toilers themselves are to the fore in assisting arrangements, preserving order in such manner as to prove a benefit alike to employer and employed. The new rendezvous, not being of



Photo by W. Charles.

prairie-like dimensions, is at present devoted exclusively to the employees of the firm, who daily spend the balance of their dinner hour in resting, playing, and reading on the roof, and enjoying all the breeze that can reach them from the river. Chief among the pastimes provided are chess, draughts, dominoes, and suchlike games. All success to this veritable boon; may it vie with the thistle and the banyan-tree in the matter of spreading and multiplication, till, in a smokeless and garden-topped London, we take to the roofs as ducks take to the water, for pleasure and profit.



I am glad that Dr. Brewer is issuing a new and revised edition of his indispensable "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable." The last ten years have been pre-eminently distinguished for researches in English philology. More dictionaries have been published in this decade than in any preceding one, and thousands of ripe scholars in Great Britain and America have contributed to improve the character of English dictionaries. The research, the accuracy, the precision now demanded are quite unprecedented, and the great public interest taken in the matter might justify our calling the period "the era of English philology." Dr. Brewer has reached the ripe age of four-score years and ten, and yet he has tackled the revision of his book, which made its first appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago. It took him five-and-twenty years to prepare, and since its first issue the book, or its manuscript, has been always at the author's elbow, that new matter might be added or laid in store, errors corrected, and suggestions utilised, to render the work more generally useful and more thoroughly to be

### "BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE."

The long-pending question as to whether the rank-and-file of the Volunteer Force would be eligible to receive the Queen's decoration for efficient service, extending from twenty to thirty-four years, has been settled at the War Office by the Duke of Cambridge and the Secretary of State for War, with the result that last week a large number of applications for the silver medal were received at Whitehall and Pall Mall, and the number of recipients is likely to exceed 20,000. It has been ascertained that those eligible for the medal comprise 7900 of twenty years' service, and 7600 upwards to thirty-four years'. Besides these there are several thousands who have retired, but are still borne on regimental records. These will receive the decoration.

The interesting group of Wiltshire Volunteers illustrated here are well worthy of the medal. The central figure, Colonel E. B. Merriman, joined the force while at Oxford, was commissioned as Ensign in the

Col.-Sergt. Thumbwood (Malmesbury, 23-4-'68).

Sergt.-Major E. Laver (Devizes, 12-7-'69).

Sergt. Cuzner (Chippenham, 14-2-'65).

Qr.-Master-Sergt. Pinnell (Chippenham, 17-2-'68).

Col. E. B. Merriman (27-6-'59).

Col.-Sergt. Head (Marlborough, 1-3-'62).



Col.-Sergt. Mattingley (Chippenham, 14-2-'65).

Sergt. J. Laver (Devizes, 15-8-'70).

Corpl. Andrews (Malmesbury, 1-11-'59).

Photo by J. Hunt, Devizes.

#### 2ND VOLUNTEER BATTALION (DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S) WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

MEMBERS PRESENT AT THE FIRST AUTUMN MANŒUVRES, WOOLMER, AUGUST, 1871, AND ALSO STILL SERVING AT BRIGADE CAMP, WEYMOUTH, AUGUST, 1894.

depended on. The result is that the new edition, which is being issued by Messrs. Cassell in monthly parts, consists of a third of entirely new matter. Some 350 extra pages have been added, and all that has been retained of previous editions has been subjected to the severest scrutiny.

In the address presented to Mr. Wilson Barrett on his farewell benefit at Leeds by the members of his company it was stated—"Some of us have been with you for twenty years. Our average with you is fourteen years—an unparalleled record of theatrical service." I was the more struck with this as I had only just come across some equally extraordinary statistics relating to a Transatlantic theatrical organisation, the "Young America" Company. The fourteen performers comprised in this "crowd" have an aggregate stage experience of 267 years, the oldest member having been connected with the boards for 43 years, and the figures for the remainder ranging downwards thus: 41, 39, 37, 26, 17, 12, 12, 9, 8, 7, 4, 4. The actors who own Henry Irving as their chief could, I daresay, afford a parallel to this, as could, no doubt, many of the stock companies in the old days. It does not follow that the older, perforce the better the actor, but in no walk in life is experience ever without its value.

2nd Wilts Volunteers on Jan. 12, 1863; Lieutenant, May 26, 1865; Captain, July 1, 1867; Major, April 13, 1874; Hon. Lieut.-Colonel, March 19, 1887; Lieut.-Colonel and Hon. Colonel, Nov. 23, 1889; Captain's certificate at Wellington Barracks, Nov. 30, 1870, and Field-Officer's certificate at Chelsea Barracks, June 29, 1872. He has the officer's Volunteer decoration. He is well known in private and commercial life as managing director of the Capital and Counties Bank, also as agent for the Savernake Estate, since it has fallen into the hands of the present Marquis of Ailesbury. The non-commissioned officers are still serving, and have attended nearly every year at Brigade Camp or at Camp of Instruction at Aldershot. Since their first experience of Volunteering there have been three different patterns of rifles, the drill has undergone considerable changes, and the dress is now quite different.

#### SHOCKED.

When in her little bathing suit  
Along the beach she walked,  
The effect was quite electrical  
And not a few were shocked.—*Detroit Tribune.*



## PAGAN AND PURITAN.

## A DIALOGUE OF TO-DAY.

"Margaret, if you persist in looking so sad about it, I shall repent having told you. I might have known it would shock you, dear Puritan."

"But, surely, Mavis, you don't expect me to laugh over it. You always were reckless and impulsive, but I never thought even you would have done this. You don't seem to realise what it means, what a terrible risk you are running."

"Oh! yes; I know quite well what I am doing. I thought it all out for myself that summer vacation when you and I read the life of Shelley and that wonderful 'African Farm' and 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' and all those other books which had been so carefully kept out of my reach before I went to college. They always would exercise a censorship over my reading, those good folks at home. Until I met you, Shelley and Swinburne, and even Walt Whitman, were mere names to me. And, by-the-way, Margaret, you and I seemed to have much the same opinions and the same literary tastes at that time. But that was before—"

"Before what? Come, Mavis, let us talk the matter straight out."

"Well, then, before you 'got religion,' before you got among those High Church people, who have made you a veritable nun in all but name. There, now, I have vexed you! I did not mean to speak of these people, who have robbed me of you. Oh, why did I tell you? It only makes you unhappy, and you can never understand. We look at life now from such different points of view, you and I. It is as if we had been travelling along paths at right-angles to one another all these years since we left Cambridge—you in this sober, gloomy old London, where the fogs blot the brightness and colour out of life, and where you all take life and yourselves *au grand sérieux*, I in gay, bright, lovely Paris, where life is one long laugh and merry song. But there, I suppose the real difference is not in our surroundings, but in ourselves. You were born a Puritan. You were a Puritan at heart all through that temporary lapse into the delights of Paganism when you used to read me Walt and Swinburne and give Sunday whist parties, and—of course, you don't smoke now, but may I have a cigarette? You were the first woman I ever saw smoke, and it was to you I owed my first acquaintance with the Lady Nicotine. Heigh-ho! I thank my Pagan gods for their many good gifts. I thank my Pagan ancestors, to whom I owe it that I am a Pagan, the happiest, most careless Pagan that ever worshipped love and strength and beauty. But there, Margaret, let me offer them the incense of nicotine, while you tell me all about yourself, your work, your friends, above all your *fiancé*, whom I long to see. And your wedding—for, of course, you will go through all the formalities ordained of Medes and Persians, or rather of Mrs. Grundy, modern representative of these ancients—wedding gown, choral service, bridesmaids, honeymoon. Jack and I, being Pagans, had a merciful escape from all such terrors."

"No, Mavis, I will not talk of myself; I intend to talk of you and of what you have done. You have got to face this matter seriously, this great danger and greater sin of living as the wife of a man, to whom you are not married—in fact, as his mis—"

"Yes, as his mistress. No need to shy at the word, Margaret. It is one that I often use of myself. I have no prejudice against the term which convention has delegated to describe those who have the courage to do what I have done, for it does want courage, Margaret, to defy the opinion of the world's great majority of Puritans and Philistines. But, I repeat it, I am glad to be Jack's mistress rather than his wife, glad to know that he loves me and is faithful to me from love, not because of a law made by man or a vow made before a priest. A man will be faithful to a mistress when he might be false to the same woman if she were his wife, his chattel, his property, bound by her reverence for law or for religion to love, honour, and obey her legal lord and master. Love ceases to be love when it is shackled by human law."

"But, Mavis, you know, you must know, that legally you have no claim on this man, that he may desert you at any moment, and you would have no redress. Mavis, why do you laugh?"

"Because, Margaret, your talk sounds like a foreign language to me; because you speak of impossibilities. Can you imagine that if Jack had ceased to care for me, if he wished to leave me, I should wish him to stay? And would any redress be possible or desirable if so great a misfortune as the loss of Jack's love were to befall me? But I can't even imagine Jack deserting me—me and his little Doris."

"Doris!—little Doris?"

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know about Doris. See, here is her portrait. I had it painted for this bracelet, that I might always have it with me."

"Mavis, it can't be that there is a child! Your child and this man's, to whom you are not married! Then she is—"

"Hush! Margaret; that word *would* hurt me, I confess, if you used it of my child. Yes, there's Doris, and she is a stronger link between me and the man I love than any lifeless wedding-ring or marriage certificate could be. That is why I say that Jack could not desert me, because I am the mother of his child. Jack might forsake me—he could never forsake me and Doris. Margaret, I wonder if your—by-the-way, what is your *fiancé's* name?"

"John, dear."

"John. That's Puritanese for Jack, I suppose. Well, I wonder if your John will really love you better than my Jack loves me, for all your orthodox wedding in church, and the white satin gown and the

bridesmaids and the ring and all the rest. How useless and stupid they all seem to Pagan me! And yet, who knows? Perhaps one day I may regret them too late. Perhaps, when I am grown old and ugly, I may be tempted to remind Jack that it was I who refused to be married in orthodox fashion in church or before a registrar. He would urge it so, because, he said, it would make him feel more sure of me—just what I wanted to prevent. You see, Jack is not quite a genuine Pagan—not quite such a social rebel as I am. It was difficult to get him to see that real love, love that is worth the name, knows no law not of its own making—that what the world calls marriage is but a bondage invented to chain two people together, with the ghastly skeleton of a dead passion ever between them. No; I refused to have Jack bound to me by any law but love."

"And your plan has answered, you think?"

"Perfectly, Margaret. We have had three years of perfect happiness. But you must come and see for yourself. You will come to St. Cloud and see our simple little home, our garden, my studio, and Doris? Oh, Margaret, how you will love my little child! But now let me tell you why I have come to London—this horrid, gloomy London, where all you good Puritans marry and are given in marriage with the solemnity of a funeral and the approval of your prim and proper saints."

"Yes, Mavis, why have you come to pour abuse on our steady-going old city, which, I grant you, is not the brightest of places in foggy November?"

"Listen, Margaret; it's a secret. Even Jack does not know that I am an heiress—heiress to twenty thousand and a big estate in the Midlands. I did not know it myself until three days ago, when a letter came from a London lawyer with the news that I, as next of kin, succeeded to the property of an uncle of whose existence I had almost forgotten. Jack had just started on a concert tour. You knew he was a singer, did you not? Yes; he sang himself into my heart with that glorious baritone of his when he was studying at the Conservatoire in Paris and I was wasting pigments and time—Jack's time as well as mine—as a student at Julian's. Well, you shall hear Jack one day. But about my fortune. I'm keeping the news for a surprise. I wanted to arrange everything myself. Jack thinks me quite an ignoramus about business matters, because I do not choose to keep accounts; but he shall see—he shall see. When the news came I found that while Jack would be away there was just time for a trip across the Channel to see the fussy old lawyers, and have my will made leaving everything to Jack. Doris? Oh! that's the same thing. Of course, Jack would provide for our child."

"So that was your errand to London?"

"Yes, Margaret. I have managed it all so cleverly and quickly. See, here are the papers, and to-night I leave for Paris. I shall be back just in time to welcome Jack for his *fête-day*. These papers are to be my birthday gift to him. Margaret, it has been such a busy day and I'm very tired; but I'm so happy to-night. I have everything to make me happy—Jack's love, and Doris, and my fortune. And it's lovely to be with you again. I feel all the spell of the old friendship as we sit here in the firelight, you and I. Do you remember, Margaret, how I used to go to you and pour out my foolish school-girl thoughts and fancies, and have my ruffled temper and my ruffled tresses smoothed when I had been badly beaten at tennis by Mary Maynard, who was my rival for the championship? I used to declare that your soft fingers borrowed some hypnotic power from that opal ring you wore. Do you still wear it? Why, there it is! You conservative person, the same opal that I prophesied would bring you ill luck. There, too, is the diamond that I coveted so. Don't draw your hand away. I want to see your new ring—this turquoise. Margaret, you are blushing. It is your engagement-ring. Let me see it. Why, how strange! it is a turquoise heart exactly like a ring that I gave to Jack! He wore it constantly, until one day a chum of his chaffed him about wearing a woman's ring. So, Margaret, that is your engagement-ring? But what were we talking of? Your wedding, your *fiancé*. Describe him to me, or, better still, show me a photograph of him."

"Better stay to dinner and see the original. John is coming to-night. He should be here quite soon. The photo? Why, you impatient child, you cannot see it in the dark. Let me ring for lights."

"The photo, Margaret. Let me see it. I must go soon. Where is it?"

"Here is one; but you cannot see. Mavis, child, how cold your hands are, and you are trembling! What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing, Margaret; nothing that does not happen every day, I suppose. Nothing, only that women are fond fools and that men are wise, wise enough to take all the gifts the gods send them—a Pagan for a mistress, a Puritan for a wife. No, Margaret, let me go. I must go back to St. Cloud to Doris. There is always Doris. You will have your wedding-ring—I have my child. Margaret, I congratulate you; I congratulate myself. You are the woman Jack Seymour is going to marry; I am the mother of his child. And now you know why I am still glad, more glad than I can tell you—that I am—that I have been merely this man's mistress, not his wife."

L. L.

## OBJECT-LESSON ON THE CHAIR.

TEACHER (having directed the attention of the class to the various parts of a chair): "Of what use is the seat in the chair?"

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL (who knows it all): "I know."

TEACHER: "You may tell the class."

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL: "To keep people from flopping on the floor."—Judge.



SCENES AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

*From Photographs by H. Brown, Salisbury.*





## ROUEN AND THE SEINE.

*Photographs by Frith and Co., Reigate.*

The tourist who would cross the Channel in September need feel no apprehension of sea-sickness; but anyone doubting Britannia's power to rule the waves for the comfort of passengers from her own island may be assured that the eighty or ninety miles between Newhaven and Dieppe, by the London and Brighton Company's line of steamboats, affords

extending over almost her entire length. The dining-saloon amidships is the width of the vessel, the usual sleeping accommodation at the sides being replaced by luxurious lounges. The first-class dining-saloon is lined with polished oak and sycamore, with tastefully-decorated panels, upholstered in pale blue plush, harmonising with the panelled ceiling picked out in French grey and gold, and furnished with every aid to comfort and luxury that ingenuity can devise. The second class has a smoking-room and bar of its own, and that of the first has quite a clublike appearance. The ship is ventilated on Stroudley's principle, and heated throughout



ROUEN, LOOKING DOWN THE SEINE.

less chance of stomachic disturbance than any other line of marine transit. For the sea in that part is equally free, in general, from the chopping cross-currents of the Straits between Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne, and from the deep ground-swell that arises in the Bay of Biscay or in the Atlantic Ocean. The latest addition to the fleet, the *Seaford*, is quite unlike any other of the cross-Channel steamers, suggesting nothing so much as the latest type of Atlantic liner on a smaller scale. She is straight-stemmed, with a remarkably sharp bow and clean run; has but one pole mast and one funnel, and a hurricane or promenade deck

by steam-pipes for winter travelling. Besides being amply provided with boats, a somewhat peculiar appearance is afforded by a row of tall lockers running down the middle of the promenade deck aft, and these contain life-saving apparatus sufficient for the 750 passengers the vessel is intended to carry. The dimensions of the *Seaford* are as follow: length over all, 272 ft.; breadth, 34 ft.; depth, 14 ft. She is propelled by twin-screws, driven by two independent sets of marine engines, capable of working up to 6000-horse power, effective. She has four tubular boilers, arranged so that they can be worked from one stokehold,



PALAIS DE JUSTICE.





THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME: WEST FRONT.



ST. LAURENT.



NOTRE DAME; THE NAVE.



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.



is provided with steam and hydraulic steering-gear, and is built of steel throughout.

Having landed in France, if one does not wish to get to Paris in the fewest hours possible, but to loiter and to see a pleasant and beautiful country, and to stop at interesting places, the tourist will find Upper Normandy, on the right bank of the Seine, a land worthy of some days' leisurely rambling, though not so frequently visited as Lower Normandy, with its historical memories of William the Conqueror at Caen, Falaise, and Bayeux. Few cities are more attractive by their situation and by the aspect of the neighbouring plains, hills, forests, and majestic river, with delightful little towns and villages, grand old ruined castles and abbeys, within the reach of short excursions, than Rouen, which also presents objects of architectural and antiquarian study rarely found in a busy commercial and manufacturing town.

The shores of the Seine estuary—which, from Havre up to Caudebec, is a fine inlet of the sea, enlivened by the maritime towns of Harfleur and Honfleur, with Tancarville, Quillebœuf, and Lillebonne, the subjects of several of Turner's best pictures—should be viewed from the steamboat plying between Havre and Rouen. Farther inland, for many miles below and above Rouen, the bendings of the river around steep chalk cliffs embrace vast tracts of rich woodlands, extending southward to Elbœuf and eastward to Pont de l'Arche, set amidst which appear the stately towers of Jumièges, a superb monastic edifice, and many noble *châteaux*. The whole of this tract of country may be viewed by one glance from the summit of Mont St. Catherine, or from the churchyard of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, on the hills adjacent to Rouen; while the steamboat winds its way into deep recesses of the forest, and easy walks lead to sequestered rural scenes of varied beauty. Not less agreeable are the trips by railway up the right bank of the Seine to Gaillon, near which are the stupendous remains of Château Gaillard, built by Richard Cœur de Lion, and the two villages, Petit Andelys and



THE SEAFORD.

Grand Andelys, the birthplace of Poussin, beloved by amateurs of French landscape and of old-fashioned French country life. The pretty and cheerful little town of Vernon, which suffered in the German invasion of 1870, and Etrepagny and Gisors, which last-mentioned place, notable in English and French history, possesses the ruins of a once mighty castle, built by our King Henry II., are places where the tourist may be content to repose. The Cerf Hotel at Le Grand Andelys is an old Gothic building, formerly the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen, with some antique furniture and a collection of relics, but with good modern accommodation. A pedestrian will find the valley of the Andelle, at Fleury, and up to Lion la Forêt, one of his paths of pleasure.

The city of Rouen itself, more particularly represented in our illustrations, may well occupy two whole days of sojourn and attentive inspection. The river, here 1000 ft. broad, has wide quays, with handsome houses, a suspension bridge, and a stone bridge to the Île Laeroix, and to the opposite manufacturing suburb of St. Sever. The older streets are picturesque, especially the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, named from the antique clock in the front of the gate-house, built in 1527; adjoining this is the Beffroi or curfew-bell tower, and there are several other ancient towers in this city, one of which is said to have been the prison of Prince Arthur of England, the nephew of King John, said to have been put to death by his cruel uncle. The Place de la Pucelle is the reputed scene of the burning of Joan of Arc in 1431, when the heroine was a captive of the English Army, but it was the French Bishop of Beauvais, with the English Cardinal Archbishop of Winchester, who doomed her to the stake. The Palais de Justice, built in the reign of Louis XII., is an edifice of florid and fantastic architecture, with profuse sculptured decorations, but magnificent in that style. The glories of Rouen, however, from the architectural point of view, are the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the still finer and older Church of St. Ouen, and the Church of St. Maclou—three buildings, either of which, in any city, would be much admired as examples of Gothic ecclesiastical structures, though St. Ouen is the most harmonious and complete. The façade of the cathedral is, perhaps, too complex and over-decorated, being the work of Cardinal d'Amboise at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The lofty spire is an iron contrivance of modern date, replacing a wooden one destroyed by lightning. But the interior, constructed in the thirteenth century, is admirably proportioned, and its pillared arches have a very fine effect. Here are the tombs of several English Plantagenet princes and that of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy.

## IIORS D'ŒUVRES.

To one who has been indulging in foreign travel the need for some monetary reform is clearly evident. There must be a change in the currency of the Continent, and till this takes place Englishmen must firmly refuse to travel. The reform that is thus imperatively demanded by me is simply the establishment of a proper diversity between the coins of the different countries, and the abolition of what is sometimes called the "Latin" monetary system.

The franc and centime currency, originally established, like all things French, on a strictly logical basis, has, like all things French of the theoretical sort, proved a nuisance in practice. A large number of countries have coined, or are still coining, francs, half-francs, five-franc pieces, with different heads and legends, but still of the same size and general character as the French coins. But of these countries some can give gold for their silver, others cannot; and the silver coinage not being worth nearly its gold exchange, it is obvious that if one State can make its silver coins legal tender within the limits of another country, it may draw out the gold and profit much by the exchange.

Thus Italian coins, like the dirty little notes that have replaced some of them, do not pass at current value, except the five-lira pieces, and of the many other countries that use the franc standard some are always being cried down, and their coins can only be changed at a bank, and then at a loss. Now, to the British tourist all these coins are almost undistinguishable. He receives, in a hurry, at a ticket window, a handful of silver, and cannot be expected to scrutinise too narrowly whether he has got coins of the Swiss or French Republics, Napoleon the Third's careworn head, the bandit features of Victor Emmanuel, or the heavy jowl of his son's effigy. Still less can he be expected to tell at a glance Leopold, King of *les braves Belges*, from Georgios, King of the (modern) Hellenes, and both of these from Charles, King of Roumania, who coins francs without even belonging to the Latin Union. Nay, even the most unmarketable coin of all may be foisted on the Briton—the plump, unintellectual face of the late Pius IX., whose coinage has done more to shake the religion of French peasants than all the writings of Renan.

All this complex monetary system, by which coins exactly similar in size, and not unlike in device, bear very different values, is a mere trap for the guileless traveller. Now, in going to Germany or Russia, one knows one is coming into a new coinage, and acquires a stock of marks or of dirty rouble notes accordingly. Also, if money of another country were offered you in Russia, you would know it was foreign. But in France you are never safe from Italian and Greek and Papal and Roumanian coins—nay, Peruvian dollars have been given for five-franc pieces. The remedy is for these currencies either to pass universally, or to be made so different in size and device as no longer to put a premium on fraud.

I remember incautiously paying for a railway ticket at Milan and moving from the window before I had investigated my change. Happening to have something to pay for extra luggage, I discovered myself the proud possessor of an Italian coin, good, but so battered and cut that I have not yet been able to get rid of it; a Roumanian five-franc piece, worth about 3 fr 50 c. to me; a Greek coin; a Papal coin; and one or two others, all of which the baggage official sternly refused to take—in fact, no official would take them, so that the ticket man must have brought that money from home and kept it by him expressly in order to cheat an unwary stranger.

I ought, no doubt, to have gone back and recovered my rightful change from the villain; but I had barely time to catch my train, and I had left my alpenstock behind. Otherwise, I should gladly have harpooned the wretch and nailed him (after the plan adopted by the excellent Tom Coffin) to the wall of his own office. I left him unharpooned; for I should have had to write under him, in French and German, Italian and English, "So perish all that give Roumanian and Papal change," and I was doubtful of the German genders.

But let me emphatically say that the franc system is a fraud—a deliberate and heartless fraud upon travelling Englishmen.—MARMITON.

## IIIS REGRET.

"Are you thinking how dreadful it is of me to kiss you, when I never have known you before?"

"Yes. I am thinking how awfully dreadful it is you have never known me before."—Puck.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## MISCONCEPTIONS.

BY HENRY HARLAND.

## I.

Theodore Vellan had been out of England for more than thirty years. Thirty odd years ago the set he lived in had been startled and mystified by his sudden flight and disappearance. At that time his position here had seemed a singularly pleasant one. He was young—he was seven- or eight-and-twenty; he was fairly well off—he had something like three thousand a year, indeed; he belonged to an excellent family, the Shropshire Vellans, of whom the titled head, Lord Vellan of Norshingfield, was his uncle; he was good-looking, amiable, amusing, popular; and he had just won a seat in the House of Commons (as junior Member for Sheffingham), where, since he was believed to be ambitious as well as clever, it was generally expected that he would go far.

Then, quite suddenly, he had applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, and left England. His motives for this unlikely course he explained to no one. To a few intimate friends he wrote brief letters of farewell. "I am off for a journey round the world. I shall be gone an indefinite time." The indefinite time ended by defining itself as upwards of thirty years, for the first twenty of which only his solicitor and his bankers could have given you his address, and they wouldn't. For the last ten, he was understood to be living in the island of Porto Rico, and planting sugar. Meanwhile his uncle had died, and his cousin (his uncle's only son) had succeeded to the peerage. But the other day his cousin, too, had died, and died childless, so that the estates and dignities had devolved upon himself. With that a return to England became an obligation; there were a score of minor beneficiaries under his cousin's will, whose legacies could not, without great delay, be paid unless the new lord was at hand.

## II.

Mrs. Sandryl-Kempton sat before the fire in her wide, airy, faded drawing-room, and thought of the Theodore Vellan of old days, and wondered what the present Lord Vellan would be like. She had got a note from him that morning, despatched from Southampton the day before, announcing, "I shall be in town to-morrow—at Bowden's Hotel, in Cork Street," and asking when he might come to her. She had answered by telegraph, "Come and dine at eight to-night," to which he had wired back an acceptance. Thereupon, she had told her son that he must dine at his club; and now she was seated before her fire, waiting for Theodore Vellan to arrive, and thinking of thirty years ago.

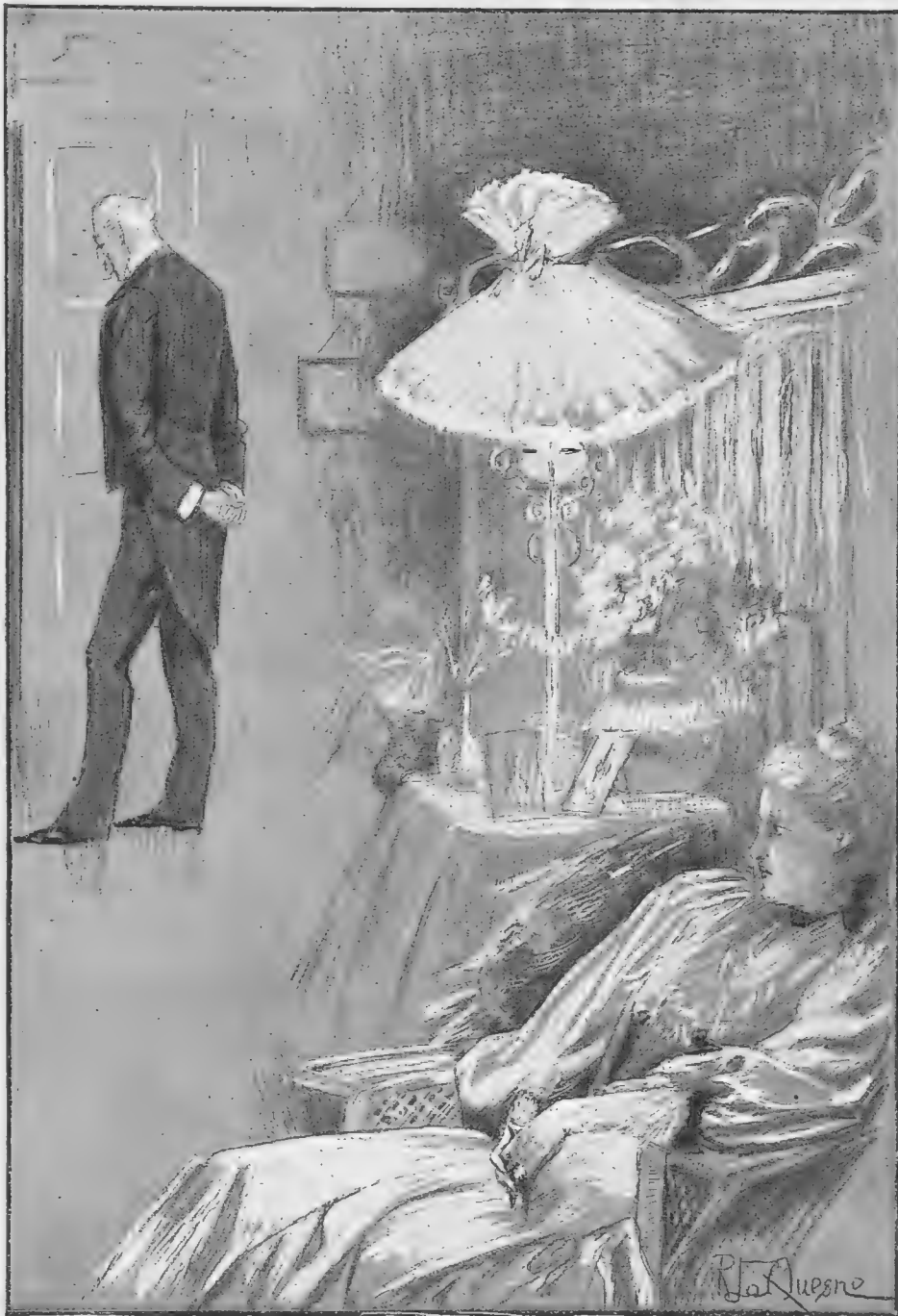
She was a bride then, and her husband, her brother Paul, and Theodore Vellan were bound in a league of ardent young-mannish friendship, a friendship that dated from the time when they had been undergraduates together at Oxford. She thought of the three handsome, happy, talented young men and of the brilliant future she had foreseen for each of them: her husband at the Bar, her brother in the Church, and Vellan—not in politics, she could never understand his political aspirations, they seemed quite at odds with the rest of his character—but in literature, as a poet, for he wrote verse which she considered very unusual and pleasing. She thought of this, and then she remembered that her husband was dead, that her brother was dead, and that Theodore Vellan had been dead to his world, at all events, for thirty years. Not one of them had in any way distinguished himself; not one had in any measure fulfilled the promise of his youth.

Her memories were sweet and bitter; they made her heart glow and ache. Vellan, as she recalled him, had been, before all things, gentle. He was witty, he had humour, he had imagination; but he was, before all things, gentle—with the gentlest voice, the gentlest eyes, the gentlest manners. His gentleness, she told herself, was the chief element of his charm—his gentleness, which was really a phase of his modesty. "He was very gentle, he was very modest, he was very graceful and kind," she said; and she remembered a hundred instances of his gentleness, his modesty, his kindness. Oh, but he was no milksop. He had plenty of spirit, plenty of fun; he was boyish, he could romp. And at that a scene repeated itself to her mind, a scene that had passed in this same drawing-room more than thirty years ago. It was tea-time, and on the tea-table lay a dish of pearl biscuits, and she and her husband and Vellan were alone. Her husband took a handful of pearl biscuits, and tossed them one by one into the air, while Vellan threw back his head, and caught them in his mouth as

they came down—that was one of his accomplishments. She smiled as she remembered it, but at the same time she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why did he go away? What could it have been?" she wondered, her old bewilderment at his conduct, her old longing to comprehend it, reviving with something of the old force. "Could it have been . . . ? Could it have been . . . ?" And an old guess, an old theory, one she had never spoken to anybody, but had pondered much in silence, again presented itself interrogatively to her mind.

The door opened; the butler mumbled a name, and she saw a tall, white-haired, pale old man smiling at her and holding out his hands. It took her a little while to realise who it was. With an unthinking



*After dinner he returned with her to the drawing-room.*

disallowance for the action of time, she had been expecting a young fellow of eight-and-twenty, brown-haired and ruddy.

Perhaps he, on his side, was taken aback a little to meet a middle-aged lady in a cap.

## III.

After dinner he would not let her leave him, but returned with her to the drawing-room, and she said that he might smoke. He smoked odd little Cuban cigarettes, whereof the odour was delicate and aromatic. They had talked of everything; they had laughed and sighed over their ancient joys and sorrows. We know how in the Courts of Memory Mirth and Melancholy wander hand in hand. She had cried a little when her husband and her brother were first spoken of, but at some comic reminiscence of them, a moment afterwards, she was smiling through her tears. "Do you remember so-and-so?" and "What has become of

such-a-one?" were types of the questions they asked each other, conjuring up old friends and enemies like ghosts out of the past. Incidentally, he had described Porto Rico and its negroes and its Spaniards, its climate, its fauna and its flora.

In the drawing-room they sat on opposite sides of the fire, and were silent for a bit. Profiting by the permission she had given him, he produced one of his Cuban cigarettes, opened it at its ends, unrolled it, rolled it up again, and lit it.

"Now the time has come for you to tell me what I most want to know," she said.

"What is that?"

"Why you went away."

"Oh!" he murmured.

She waited a minute. Then, "Tell me," she urged.

"Do you remember Mary Isona?" he asked.

She glanced up at him suddenly as if startled. "Mary Isona? Yes, of course."

"Well, I was in love with her."

"You were in love with Mary Isona?"

"I was very much in love with her. I have never got over it, I'm afraid."

She gazed fixedly at the fire. Her lips were compressed. She saw a slender girl, in a plain black frock, with a sensitive, pale face, luminous, sad dark eyes, and a mass of dark, waving hair—Mary Isona, of Italian parentage, a little music teacher, whose only relation to the world Theodore Vellan lived in was professional. She came into it for an hour or two at a time now and then, to play or to give a music lesson.

"Yes," he repeated; "I was in love with her. I have never been in love with any other woman. It seems ridiculous for an old man to say it, but I am in love with her still. An old man? Are we ever really old? Our body grows old, our skin wrinkles, our hair turns white; but the mind, the spirit, the heart? The thing we call 'I'? Anyhow, not a day, not an hour, passes, but I think of her, I long for her, I mourn for her. You knew her—you knew what she was. Do you remember her playing? Her wonderful eyes? Her beautiful pale face? And how the hair grew round the forehead? And her talk, her voice, her intelligence! Her taste, her instinct, in literature, in art—it was the finest I have ever met."

"Yes, yes, yes," Mrs. Kempton said slowly. "She was a rare woman. I knew her intimately—better than anyone else, I think. I knew all the unhappy circumstances of her life: her horrid, vulgar mother; her poor, dreamy, inefficient father; their poverty; how hard she had to work. You were in love with her. Why didn't you marry her?"

"She wouldn't have had me."

"Did you ask her?"

"No. It was needless. It went without saying."

"You never can tell. You ought to have asked her."

"It was on the tip of my tongue, of course, to do so a hundred times. My life was passed in torturing myself with the question whether I had any chance, in hoping and fearing. But as often as I found myself alone with her I knew it was hopeless. Her manner to me—it was one of frank friendliness. There was no mistaking it. She never thought of loving me."

"You were wrong not to ask her. One never can be sure. Oh, why didn't you ask her?" His old friend spoke with great feeling.

He looked at her surprised and eager. "Do you really think she might have cared for me?"

"Oh, you ought to have told her: you ought to have asked her," she repeated.

"Well—now you know why I went away."

"Yes."

"When I heard of her—her—death"—he could not bring himself to say her suicide—"there was nothing else for me to do. It was so hideous, so unutterable. To go on with my old life, in the old place, among the old people, was quite impossible. I wanted to follow her, to do what she had done. The only alternative was to fly as far from England, as far from myself, as I could."



*She unfolded the letter and read it.*

"Sometimes," Mrs. Kempton confessed by-and-by, "sometimes I wondered whether, possibly, your disappearance could have had any such connection with Mary's death—it followed it so immediately. I wondered sometimes whether, perhaps, you had cared for her. But I couldn't believe it—it was only because the two things happened one upon the other. Oh, why didn't you tell her? It is dreadful, dreadful!"

#### IV.

When he had left her, she still sat for a little while before the fire.

"Life is a chance to make mistakes—a chance to make mistakes. Life is a chance to make mistakes."

It was a phrase she had met in a book she was reading the other day: then she had smiled at it; now it rang in her ears like the voice of a mocking demon.

"Yes, a chance to make mistakes," she said, half aloud.

She rose and went to her desk, unlocked a drawer, turned over its contents, and took out a letter—an old letter, for the paper was yellow and the ink was faded. She came back to the fireside, and unfolded the letter and read it. It covered six pages of notepaper, in a small feminine hand. It was a letter Mary Isona had written to her, Margaret Kempton, the night before she died, more than thirty years ago. The writer recounted the many harsh circumstances of her life; but they would all have been bearable, she said, save for one great and terrible secret. She had fallen in love with a man who was scarcely conscious of her existence; she, a little obscure Italian music teacher, had fallen in love with Theodore Vellan. It was as if she had fallen in love with an inhabitant of another planet: the worlds they respectively belonged to were so far apart. She loved him—she loved him—and she knew her love was hopeless, and she could not bear it. Oh, yes; she met him sometimes, here and there, at houses she went to to play, to give lessons. He was civil to her: he was more than civil—he was kind; he talked to her about literature and music. "He is so gentle, so strong, so wise; but he has never thought of me as a woman—a woman who could love, who could be loved. Why should he? If the moth falls in love with the star, the moth must suffer. . . . I am cowardly; I am weak; I am what you will; but I have more than I can bear. Life is too hard—too hard. To-morrow I shall be dead. You will be the only person to know why I died, and you will keep my secret."

"Oh, the pity of it—the pity of it!" murmured Mrs. Kempton. "I wonder whether I ought to have shown him Mary's letter."

#### A BOX OF IMBECILITIES.

The whole three-volume business is a mystery. The librarian does not send you what you want; he sends a box of imbecilities in three volumes.—MR. LANG, in *Longman's Magazine*.

I somehow never get the book

I want to read when work is slack;

No sooner do I come to look

Than someone else is on its track.

And yet the libraries will rack

My tender sensibilities,

For in its place they send me back

A box of imbecilities.

Suppose I want by hook or crook

To read the latest thing by Black;

It never comes by any fluke

From out the circulating stack.

In lieu, I get some dreary hack

Who revels in senilities.

How can they have the heart to pack

A box of imbecilities?

I wonder if another cook

In all the world has such a knack

Of serving stuff you cannot brook

Even when a crust of bread you lack.

I'd fill the papermaker's sack

With all such puerilities,

For what digestion can attack

A box of imbecilities?

#### ENVOY.

Small wonder that the critics thwack

At times with incivilities

The silly novel-writing Jack

Who pens these imbecilities.

J. M. BULLOCK.

#### NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

#### TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXVIII.—MR. T. CROSBIE AND THE "CORK EXAMINER."

Mr. Thomas Crosbie, proprietor and editor of the *Cork Examiner*, is the new President of the Institute of Journalists, which has just concluded its annual conference at Norwich. He has been for over forty years connected with the Press. It is almost unique to discover a journalist who for so long a period has been associated with but one organ. The *Cork Examiner* has been a nursery of distinguished journalists. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mr. Justice O'Brien are only two among living celebrities who began their careers as reporters upon that journal. Outside Dublin, the *Cork Examiner* is recognised as the most influential exponent of Liberal and National sentiment in Ireland; but it has never been the slave of any party. Even its opponents have repeatedly recognised the fair and courteous methods of its advocacy.

These traits are due in no small degree to the personality of Mr. Crosbie himself. Early in his journalistic career he was the Press colleague of John Francis Maguire, one of the most distinguished Irish Members of Parliament of his time. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," refers to Mr. Maguire in the following terms: "Maguire was a man of high character, great ability, and earnestness. He was a newspaper proprietor and an author. He knew Ireland well, but he also knew England and the temper of the English people. He was ardent in his national sympathies, but he was opposed to any movements of a seditious or violent character. He had more than once risked his popularity among his countrymen by the resolute stand which he made against any agitation that tended towards rebellion. Mr. Maguire always held that the geographical situation of England and Ireland rendered a separation of the two countries impossible; but he accepted cordially the saying of Grattan, that if the ocean forbade separation the sea denied union." It was on the occasion of a speech by Mr. Maguire in the House of Commons that Mr. Gladstone made the memorable declaration that the time had come when the Irish Church as a State institution must cease to exist. For several years Mr. Crosbie was Mr. Maguire's literary and commercial partner in connection with the *Cork Examiner*. Afterwards he became sole proprietor.

Mr. Crosbie has shown an almost reprehensible shrinking from popular honours. He has confined his public appearances to literary and social occasions. For four years he was President of the Cork Literary and Scientific Society, from among the members of which have proceeded men who have rendered brilliant service to the Empire in every part of the world, while others are to be found in all the learned professions in the kingdom. He is one of the managing trustees and governors of the famous School of Fishery at Baltimore, in which Baroness Burdett-Coutts takes so keen an interest, the originator of which, Father Davis, who died recently, has been made the object of a lasting memorial, towards the expense of which contributions, irrespective of party or creed, were received from his admirers both in Ireland and in England. There are in Cork schools of Science, Art, and Music, carried on separately, but all under the control of one central committee, of which Mr. Crosbie is the chairman. The schools are maintained partly by the local rates and partly by voluntary contributions, and their success has been of a very striking character. Mr. Crosbie also took an active part in the establishment of a free library in "the beautiful city." In fact, to all local movements of a progressive or philanthropic character Mr. Crosbie has always freely given his support and influence. In work like this he has employed the leisure snatched from the absorbing task of conducting the chief journal in the south of Ireland. In purely political work, except as a journalist, Mr. Crosbie has always refused to take any prominent part, yet his paper is regarded as one of the most able and powerful exponents of the views of the majority in Ireland.

There has been no better friend of the Irish journalists than Mr. Crosbie. In recognition of this fact he was twice elected President of the Irish Association of Journalists, and afterwards Vice-President.

As one of the most representative of Irish journalists, he was elected a Fellow of the Institute and a Vice-President. It was on Mr. Crosbie's motion at the Manchester Conference that the Institute resolved to hold its annual meeting in Dublin. Mr. Crosbie on that occasion was Chairman of the Reception Committee. No one who was there needs to be reminded how admirably that function was discharged, and what pleasant memories were borne away from the gay capital of the "Distressful Country."

Returning from this digression, it may be mentioned as an instance of enterprise in Irish journalism that in his capacity of journalist pure and simple Mr. Crosbie has shown great spirit. He started the first successful halfpenny evening paper in the south of Ireland, the *Cork Echo*. The verbal contents-bill of that paper as delivered by the *gamins* who dispose of it in the streets are the themes of many amusing stories. Here is one: A wife murder committed in the neighbourhood of Cork had excited intense popular indignation. On the day of the culprit's doom the streets resounded with the following shouted announcement: "Execution of Dr. —! Arrival in Hell! Entoosiastic reception!"

Mr. Crosbie's journalistic experiences extend over a period which

embraces events now so remote as the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the great American Civil War. From its geographical position, Cork Harbour, or Queenstown, was the chief centre for the distribution through Europe of news of the last-named great struggle. At the outbreak of the war almost the only sources of information were the New York papers brought by the Cunard and Inman steamers, which had to be often intercepted far out at sea, by night as well as by day. The papers had to be digested and their contents extracted and forwarded by the mail or special trains to London. In this service Mr. Crosbie showed great energy and enterprise, and was brought into contact with many important persons. Among them was Mr. Mowbray Morris, the well-known manager of the *Times*, whom he remembers expressing the opinion that the American Transatlantic cable would never be a success. The Prince de Joinville, the Comte de Paris, and the Duc de Chartres, who fought on the Federal side, returned by the Queenstown route, and were transferred from the Arabia to a crazy post-office tender, in which they travelled up to Cork. There they learned that they were late for the ordinary train, and that there would be no special. "Sold!" was the memorable expression of one of the royal party. Later on in the war telegraph stations were established at Roche's Point and on Cape Clear, which diminished the importance of the service at Queenstown and Cork; but the Titanic conflict was at an end before the



Photo by Francis Grey, Cork.

MR. T. CROSBIE, PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

successful laying of the Atlantic cable by the Great Eastern had revolutionised the methods of transmitting news.

On Christmas Eve last Mr. Crosbie accomplished the feat of publishing for a penny the largest paper ever issued in Ireland. It consisted of 112 columns. The "Christmas Supplement" of the *Cork Examiner* consists of stories written exclusively by members of the staff. The relations of proprietor and contributor are most harmoniously sustained. There is a Christmas dinner of the literary staff at Mr. Crosbie's own house, and another on the newspaper premises for those engaged in all other departments—a custom which might be recommended to other proprietors. Mr. Crosbie, who is one of the most genial of after-dinner speakers, tells a story of one of these latter entertainments. An employee had been given some champagne, but he did not seem greatly to relish the beverage. Some time afterwards he called over the proprietor's son, Mr. George Crosbie, a member of the Irish Bar, who was presiding, and hoarsely whispered in his ear, "Misther George, could you get me a dhrop of the rale stuff? I don't care for these mineral wathers!"

Mr. Crosbie is an appreciative art critic, and has a fine literary instinct, founded on extensive reading, not only of the ordinary academic character, but in the highways and byways of French, German, and Italian literature, with which he is familiar.

The Institute of Journalists is doing a great work for our common country in linking such representative men together in a fast bond of professional unity.

## MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

*Photographs by Hana, Regent Street, W.*

"Oh, my dear *Sketch*, I'm so awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," said the genial Mr. George Edwardes, as he bustled through the stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre, and led me up to his commodious managerial



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

room; "but the fact is that Gilbert has just been reading his new piece to the company at the Prince of Wales's, and I forgot all about everything else."

"A good augury for the success of the piece," I said, easily forgiving the busy manager for being behind his time when I remembered that he is generally so very up-to-date. And, truth to tell, it is by no means an easy matter to secure half an hour's uninterrupted chat with Mr. Edwardes—one of the busiest and most ubiquitous men in town—just when you want it; indeed, to attempt this is to add substantially to the difficulties of life. It generally involves an exciting telephonic chase from the Gaiety to the Prince of Wales's, from there to the Empire, thence to Daly's, and back again to the Gaiety, for even a George Edwardes cannot manage four large London theatres and always remain in one place.

"Now, Mr. Edwardes, as the guardian of the 'sacred lamp of burlesque' and the presiding genius of the Gaiety of London, the readers of *The Sketch* are anxious to know something of your past, your present, and your future. I presume, to begin with, that managers are made, not born."

"I rather think they drift. For instance, I was intended for the Army, and went up to Woolwich, but came out forty-second when there were only forty vacancies. That's why I'm commanding regiments of chorus-singers instead of soldiers. But, although I didn't get into the Artillery, I was nevertheless associated with a Gunn and a Carte—Michael Gunn and D'Oyly Carte—becoming their acting manager at the Opéra Comique, and subsequently at the Savoy. While occupying that position I was the first to introduce into a London theatre really good drinks, well-appointed bars, and a superior class of attendants; also, I originated the system of printing tickets for every reserved seat each night, to obviate the frequent mistakes of selling seats twice over, and I introduced the *queue* system into England for the unreserved parts of the house. This was the result of the nasty accident we had on the first night of 'Princess Ida,' when, owing to the awful rush and pressure of the crowd, several persons had to be taken to Charing Cross Hospital, and many might have been killed had I not been able to open a side door in the nick of time. This, of course, we kept as dark as possible, but I need hardly tell you that the Savoy management paid all the medical expenses of the sufferers."

"Well, then, from acting manager at the Savoy you became manager of the Gaiety?"

"Yes; with some money I had made in one or two successful speculations I bought a partnership with John Hollingshead at the Gaiety, and produced with him 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' by Stephens and Yardley. But the first production practically on my own responsibility was 'Little Jack Sheppard,' which has been one of the most successful Gaiety productions, and you see how well it bears revival."

"Which would you call the other most successful pieces you have done here?" I asked.

"'Monte Cristo, Junior,' 'Faust Up To Date,' 'Dorothy,' and 'Ruy Blas; or, the Blasé Roué'; but the greatest success I have ever been connected with is undoubtedly 'A Gaiety Girl,' and that belongs to a class of entertainment—the musical variety comedy—which I invented and originated with 'In Town,' for the purpose of doing away with large and expensive choruses. Moreover, the general design of 'A Gaiety Girl' was mine, the crude idea of the story, which I gave to Jimmy Davis—'Owen Hall,' you know—to work out and write up, being suggested by actual facts which came under my own notice. And I think you will admit that the great success of the piece is chiefly due to Davis's smart and witty dialogue. The popularity of 'A Gaiety Girl' has been quite extraordinary wherever it has been played, and now, you know, I have sent out a splendid company, including Decima Moore, Juliette Nesville, Maud Hobson, Fred Kaye, Fritz Rimma, Mrs. Edmund Phelps, Harry Monkhouse, Louis Bradfield, and others of the original cast, to play the piece in America from next Monday till March 4, when they go on to Melbourne."

"Now tell me, Mr. Edwardes, is this new, nondescript kind of 'variety' comedy going to last?"

"That is impossible to say," said the manager, with the air of a profound thinker, "but it is certainly fast wiping out the old order of rhymed burlesque on which the Gaiety has flourished so long, and, as it seems to be what the public want, we shall give it them here as elsewhere. And, mark you, this class of piece is very exacting in its demands on the performers—it requires artists who can not only act well, but also sing and dance well, and be able, out of their own humorous resources, to build up their parts; in fact, the artists I engage for these pieces must

MR. JAMES DAVIS, MR. EDWARDES, AND MR. SIDNEY JONES.  
AUTHOR, PRODUCER, AND COMPOSER OF "A GAIETY GIRL."

be of first-rate ability. And yet—very unfairly, I think—artists who devote themselves to burlesque, have they even the genius of a Fred Leslie or a Nelly Farren, never receive as much artistic recognition as they deserve, though their popularity is, of course, great."

"Yes, indeed; and I doubt if any artists could wish for more flattering recognition than the wonderful enthusiasm of the farewell and



"LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.*



MISS AMY AUGARDE AS THAMES DARRELL.



MISS TERRISS AS WINIFRED WOOD.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS JONATHAN WILD.



MR. CHARLES DANBY AS BLUESKIN.



MR. DANBY.



MR. HICKS.



MR. HICKS.



MR. DANBY AND MISS FLORENCE LEVEY  
(POLL STANMORE).



MR. DANBY.

the welcome accorded to the first Gaiety company that went to Australia. But tell me something of the process of putting a burlesque upon the stage."

"That would take far too long," said Mr. Edwardes, "for it is by no means a light matter. It generally takes about six months from the inception of the idea to prepare a burlesque for production, though I have on occasions rushed it through in three months. But there is far more to be considered in the presentation of a burlesque than an ordinary play, and when it is remembered that we *must* play to £1200 a week, that we cannot open the theatre to less than £150 a night, and that this represents much more than the expenses of a theatre like the Haymarket or the St. James's, it will be seen that there is a good deal of responsibility connected with these so-called 'irresponsible' pieces."

"And yet you are not content to manage one of these big undertakings, but must take four upon your broad shoulders?" I said, wondering silently why anyone ever does anything more than circumstances actually compel him to do.

"Well, you see," said the insatiable manager, "when the Empire had failed as a theatre, I went to Mr. Nicholls, the ground landlord, and formed a syndicate, composed of Nicholls, Charles Harris, Walter Dixon, and myself, to open the house as a variety theatre, and later on Sir Augustus Harris joined us for a time, and produced the ballets. But the success of the Empire has been due to the five-shilling box lounge, which I inaugurated, and the most successful ballets I have myself invented and produced there have been 'By the Sea,' 'Round the Town,' and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

"And what about Daly's?" I asked.

"Well, I built that theatre for Agnes Huntington, but as her guarantors did not come up to the scratch I let the house on a long lease to Augustin Daly. I may tell you a fact which does not seem to be generally known, that I am the actual and sole proprietor of Daly's Theatre, which has cost me from first to last about £70,000."

"And now you are going to manage it yourself for the time being?"

"Yes," said Mr. Edwardes, "'A Gaiety Girl,' with Letty Lind as the heroine—the part being specially elaborated for her with songs and dances—is to run there until I produce the new piece by the same authors. In this, which will treat of artists and their models, and studio life generally, we shall aim at a somewhat higher dramatic standard than 'A Gaiety Girl,' and, besides Letty Lind and Hayden Coffin, we shall have Marie Tempest, young Grossmith, Arthur Williams, and young Farren Soutar, the clever son of the inimitable Nelly Farren."

"Then," I said, "there is the Prince of Wales's to account for."

"I became connected with that through Fred Leslie determining to leave the Gaiety and start management on his own account, and then changing his mind. I had in the meanwhile engaged Arthur Roberts to take Leslie's place, and produced 'Joan of Arc' till I should require him; then, when Leslie decided to remain with me, of which I need hardly say I was very glad, I had to provide for Roberts and other artists on our books. This led to 'In Town' at the Prince of Wales's, in which production the Gaiety Company shared to the extent of 60 per cent. 'A Gaiety Girl' was the outcome of that success, and now I am going to produce W. S. Gilbert's and Osmond Carr's new comic opera there on Oct. 17 or 18, and in the profits on this production the Gaiety Company will share without incurring any of the risks. The story is laid in Denmark in the beginning of the century; there will be two picturesque scenes, and some lovely costumes designed by Percy Anderson. The association of George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, and Jessie Bond will revive pleasant Savoy memories, and Ellaline Terriss, Nancy McIntosh, Aida Jenoure, Arthur Playfair, John Le Hay, and Kenningham will also have prominent parts. As for the libretto, I think it is the best Gilbert has ever written."

"Then there's the new Gaiety piece?"

"A musical variety comedy by Charles Brookfield and Adrian Ross, to be produced early in October. 'Lottie Venne' comes here for it, and Seymour Hicks will, of course, be in it, and Ada Reeve, and—"

But here the business manager of the "Gaiety Girl" South African

company, fresh from success at the Cape, was announced, and I had not the conscience to stay longer, though I should like to have drawn from Mr. Edwardes the secret of simultaneously managing four large theatres, each with a numerous company, and yet being able to enjoy life as George Edwardes undoubtedly does. I believe the secret is simply to be George Edwardes and no one else.

M. C. S.

## SOME OF THE GAIETY LIEUTENANTS.

If Mr. Edwardes himself is the inspirer of the enterprises with which he is connected, it need scarcely be said that he must have loyal service from his lieutenants.

Among these may be noticed, for the present, two gentlemen—Mr. Edward Marshall, who is acting manager at the Gaiety, and Mr. J. A. E. Malone, who has just gone out to America with the "Gaiety Girl" company.

The acting manager of a theatre must combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. His duties are many. He not only controls everything connected with what is known as the "front of the house," but often keeps all the accounts of the theatre and pays "treasury" to everyone employed on and off the stage. He is the natural enemy of the eternal "dead-head," and on the occasion of a successful piece, when there is a great demand for free seats, he must smile and smile, and be—unwilling. Mr. Edward Marshall is noted for his exactitude and discrimination. He is beloved by the auditors, for his balance-sheet, like the theatre he represents, is always up-to-date, and his reputation as immaculate as his shirt-front when on evening parade. Mr. Marshall graduated in the offices of the Crystal Palace, served under Sir Augustus Harris for some time at Drury Lane, and for the last four years he has been closely associated with Mr. Edwardes' management at the Opéra Comique, Prince of Wales's, and Gaiety Theatres.

Mr. J. A. E. Malone—or "Pat" Malone, as he is called by his friends—is the son of Captain Malone, V.C., who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. He was born in India, and was educated for the medical profession at Edinburgh University and at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. But he gave up physic for fighting, and went to South Africa, serving for some time as an officer in the Mounted Rifles under Lord Methuen and Sir Frederick Carrington. On his return to England he developed a taste for the stage and theatrical life. He was three years with Mr. Edouin at the Strand Theatre, and became associated with the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, where he remained as stage-manager until Mr. Edwardes engaged him to produce "A Gaiety Girl" at the London Prince of Wales's. He was afterwards transferred to the Gaiety, where he succeeded Mr. J. T. Tanner as stage-manager. He is an enthusiastic football player and cricketer, and is captain of the George Edwardes Cricket Club.

## THE "GAIETY GIRL."

The "Gaiety Girl" was transferred on Monday from the Prince of Wales's Theatre to Daly's, when a souvenir was given away to the audience in the form of an album containing the clever photographs (many of them bearing the actual autograph of the sitter) by Mr. Hana, of Regent Street, which we have been permitted to reproduce. The "Gaiety Girl" has been titivated in being transferred to Daly's. Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Hayden Coffin are the only principals of the original cast that remain, the new-comers, in place of the company that has gone to America, including Miss Letty Lind, Mr. George Grossmith, jun. (both from "Go-Bang"), and Mr. Rutland Barrington, who has been playing the part of Dr. Brerly in the provinces, where no fewer than three companies are touring with the piece. Curiously enough, it is in Daly's Theatre that the American company starts in New York on Monday. There they stay until Nov. 12, when they go to Philadelphia, and thence to the following towns: Harlem, Boston, Washington, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and Oakland. On March 7 they sail on board the steamship Mariposa for Melbourne, *via* Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney.



MR. J. A. E. MALONE.



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.  
MR. EDWARD MARSHALL.



THE "GAIETY GIRL" COMPANY.

Photographs by Hana, Regent Street, W.



MR. FRED KAYE AS MAJOR BARCLAY.



MISSSES POUNDS, KATE CUTLER, AND STUDHOLME.



MR. REGINALD SOMERVILLE, MR. W. L. BRADFIELD, AND MR. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY AS THE OFFICERS.



MR. HARRY MONKHOUSE AS DR. BRIERLY.

## THE "GAIETY GIRL" COMPANY.

*Photographs by Hana, Regent Street, W*

MISS MAGGIE GORST AS THE DANCER.



MISS DECIMA MOORE AS ROSE BRIERLY.



MR. HAYDEN COFFIN AS CHARLES GOLDFIELD.



MISS NESVILLE AS MINA.



THE "GAIETY GIRL" COMPANY.

*Photographs by Hana, Regent Street, W.*



MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY VIRGINIA FOREST.



MISS MAUD HOBSON AS ALMA SOMERSET.



MISSSES BLANCHE MASSEY, GRACE PALOTTA, AND  
MAUD HOBSON.



MR. ERIC LEWIS AND MRS. EDMUND PHELPS AS SIR LEWIS  
AND LADY GREY.

## A BRILLIANT BAZAAR BOOK.\*

Did ever so heterogeneous and distinguished a company of authors and artists combine to make a book notable as is the case with "Under Lochnagar"? The old days of "Floral Tributes" and marvellous albums are recalled by a sight of the sumptuous volume which bears this title. A modern magazine editor would be content if he could induce a fifth of its contributors to figure in his periodical. To secure a study—and a beautiful study it is—from Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., a poem from Sir Edwin Arnold's graceful pen, a story by Mr. Henry Irving, and a song by Signor Tosti would surely cause the death "from excessive joy" of a New Journalist! Yet these trophies, and many more, are the proud possession of Mr. R. A. Profeit, who has compiled "Under Lochnagar."

This unique production—a fine example of printing by Messrs. Taylor and Henderson, of Aberdeen—is a roundabout result of the Queen's predilection for Scotland. If her Majesty had not with keen discernment chosen Balmoral for her favourite residence, Crathie Parish Church would have had just the same amount of interest for the public

pretty, and so are Mr. Harry Furniss's sketch and Dudley Hardy's page. Certain names are of special interest to readers of *The Sketch*. Such are A. Birkenruth, St. Clair Simmons, W. A. Mackenzie (whose tuneful verses strike a true note of poetry), and J. M. Bulloch, whose poem "On a Punch and Judy Show" is somewhat obscured by the fancy type in which this lightsome lyric is printed. The book, indeed, is full of charm and delight, with contents so noteworthy that it is difficult to cease praising it. Mr. R. A. Profeit may rest content after his heavy labours with the assurance that "Under Lochnagar" is unrivalled, while the printers have shown what a work of art a book may be. D. W.

## "FOR LOVE AND LIBERTY."\*

Tales which treat of the Spanish Inquisition have invariably a burning interest of their own—in the characters they treat of, at all events. But in the present instance we are spared gruesome reminiscence of the much-described *auto de fé*, the author mercifully contenting himself with a cursory visit to a torture-chamber and prison which do not too



ABERGELODIE CASTLE, ON THE DEE.

From "Under Lochnagar."

as any other modest kirk. But the Queen has often worshipped with her neighbours and subjects in the old church, and, therefore, the new edifice, of which she laid the foundation-stone last year, has engaged the sympathy of a wider circle than is comprised within that Highland parish. To increase the receipts of the grand bazaar held last week in aid of Crathie Parish Church, this literary memento has been prepared for sale, and well it deserves purchase and preservation.

Photogravures of the Queen, the Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice appropriately find places in this right royal volume. Sixteen delightful pages depict local scenery from the skilful brush of Mr. John Mitchell. Sir Edwin Burne-Jones, Sir J. D. Linton, Sir George Reid, Mr. Phil Morris, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Arthur Hacker—to name only a selection—have been laid under contribution for artistic subjects. Authors of eminence like Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Lewis Morris, Professor Blackie, Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome have generously sent their literary sheaves to this harvest. Dr. J. F. Bridge ("Westminster Bridge") has set to music a hymn by the Marquis of Lorne; Mr. George Grossmith—to make a piquant contrast—has sung a merry ditty; John Strange Winter, as if to prove versatility, appears in prose and poetry. Her story is particularly

severely rack his puppets' limbs or readers' susceptibilities. Mr. Harcourt's style is not enthrallingly discursive, perhaps, but he has appointed himself a wide area to cover, and omits no principal features of his landscape. This annal of domestic drama and historical record together is laid in stirring times, when Philip, by means of the Inquisition, burnt "heretics" in Spain, while Elizabeth, *per contra*, quartered Catholics at Tyburn. Various adventures befall the worthy family around whom the author's web of romance is spun. The novel notion of printing a map of their environment on the scarlet cover gives a fillip to one's interest in their whereabouts even up to their final flight from town to town with relentless officials of the Inquisition in hot pursuit. England is very properly the goal of these discreet fugitives, who arrive and live happily ever after, as all well-regulated heroes and heroines should. For painting interiors the author possesses a happy knack of vividness, and whether it be the stifling hold of a slave galley, or gorgeous state cabin of an Armada galleon, this photographic faculty is equally effective and comprehensive.

Among the many new two-volume novels which a reading public would not willingly prolong to three, "For Love and Liberty" stands well above a dull average both by reason of its theme and treatment.

\* "Under Lochnagar." Aberdeen: Taylor and Henderson.

\* "For Love and Liberty." By Alfred Harcourt. London: Chapman and Hall.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Japanese artist, Watanabe Seitei, is undoubtedly in the ascendant. Another exhibition of his work is to be held shortly at the Japanese Gallery, 28, New Bond Street, where, by-the-way, the last two collections of his pictures were shown, and not at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, as stated in these pages a fortnight ago.

Religion in art has taken the turn of a new and special form of the old controversy—not upon the propriety or otherwise of representing religious subjects in art, or how they should be represented, but upon the connection between painting and theology. "Common-sense," wrote a journalist recently, "stands aghast at the suggestion of an interdependence between painting and theology." To this Mr. Baldwin Brown has just taken strong exception. "I venture to think," he declares, "that there is nothing to be dismayed at in a notion familiar to all who carry their interest in painting back beyond the seventeenth century."

Mr. Brown continues his observations by recalling to mind the fact that, as for the connection between theology and painting, there is no need to appeal to the professedly religious artists of the Middle Ages, "for their names will probably not be in favour with the anti-Ruskinites." Since, however, these gentlemen are supposed to recognise Rembrandt for a master, Mr. Baldwin Brown wishes to ask any sincere student whether he does not see "theology" in that artist's "Disciples at Emmaus," in the "Noli Me Tangere" at Brunswick, or in the "Christ Healing the Sick," and other etchings in which "there is a distinct expression of the Protestant view of Christianity."

It is a subtle interrogatory to make, but it goes to emphasise the real distinction, when one inquires whether the theological bias in question was present in the mind of Rembrandt or in his brush. That is the point. There is no connection between the colour, the essential composition of any of these, or of other pictures, and theology. We all know, indeed, that there are such things as coloured compositions which are supposed to inculcate lessons to the growing child. The good boy who untied his parcel to save the string and came early to the kingdom of Heaven; the wicked boy who cut the string, cast it away, lived long in merited poverty, and died unsurrounded by friends or relatives—these and other parables may be communicated visually through the medium of paint for the edification and improvement of the young.

There was a horrible little book published years and years ago, for example, called "Hell Open to Christians," which nobly illustrated Mr. Brown's point upon the connection between theology and paint. In that wonderful composition there was a long and important series of woodcuts, showing the various punishments by which different sins were expiated "*là bas*." Sins of luxury, if we remember aright, were punished

by the consumption of the entrails by horrid serpents; sins of uncharitableness were expiated by a perpetual fire burning in the heart; sins of intellectual pride were atoned by spikes meeting in the brain; and there were divers other appropriate and lurid penalties for sins mentionable and unmentionable. Now, there, if you like, Mr. Brown's theory was triumphant indeed. Particular points of theology were illustrated in an emphatic and conclusive manner: as Mr. Brown himself might say, in "these pictures there is a distinct expression of the ranting view of Christianity." And who could gainsay Mr. Brown's conclusions?

When you come, however, to the consideration, not of the mere picture, the visual intention, and examine the artistic elements of the matter, you at once, by the route we have travelled, discover that



MAMELOUCKS EN PRIÈRE.—GUSTAVE BOURGAIN.

Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.



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WEARY WAITING.—RALPH HEDLEY.

theology, whatever its connection with painting, has little enough with paint, and none at all with art. That which is admirable in Rembrandt's religious subjects has nothing whatever to do with that "distinct expression of the Protestant view of Christianity" that Mr. Brown talks so much about, and has everything to do with colour, composition, and Rembrandt's particular way of laying on paint. But Mr. Brown gives himself away altogether in a concluding passage of this remarkable letter.

"It is true that there is no theology in the best pictures of to-day, but then there is something else that takes its place," and he exemplifies his point by an appeal, above all things, to—Corot! But Corot's appeal to Nature is precisely the answer which these contemptible "anti-Ruskinians" make to those who would connect theology with art. The theology of which Mr. Brown convicts Rembrandt is a hidden intention of the mind, a purpose of teaching a certain sectarian doctrine, a view of a certain text, an opinion upon the divinity of Christ. Corot's work has absolutely no such hidden purpose, and there is nothing whatever in this modern picture which takes its place. Corot expresses *all* that he wishes to express visually: that which Rembrandt expresses visually is the thing which is admirable; whatever other intention he may have had has nothing whatever to do with art, or with that which is universal. Rembrandt's religious work as art would appeal to all nations east and west, of whatever religion, clime, or creed; as religion it appeals to the few of a certain sect of a certain epoch. We may really ask Mr. Brown now with some confidence if he is still prepared to maintain his extraordinary contention—extraordinary, if commonplace.

The defacement of public buildings has long been matter for the regret and deprecation of the lover of art; but the lover of art too often begins to make objection long before the professional man thinks of the objector as anything more than a professional raver. This subject has, however, met with sympathetic and professional objection at last. The course of conduct described mildly, if cautiously, by the *Athenæum* as "certain proceedings in the fine church at Mells, Somerset," has at last occasioned some protest on the part of such an authority as the *Builder*.

"The Church of St. Andrew," says that paper, "has been most ruthlessly 'restored,' the beautiful oak pews of Charles I. date having been swept away, some stuck up in meaningless fashion against the walls, although judicious repair might have preserved them till the present time of their full appreciation, had not the Gothic iconoclasm of the rector wrought for ever that incalculable mischief which filled all those who had formerly seen the church unrestored with feelings which might have found unpleasant vent if the perpetrator of the vandalism had not departed to the far East to study Sanskrit."

It is all the more interesting and pleasant, therefore, to find that these protests are being regarded with more than favour in responsible quarters, and we are more than disposed to agree with the *Athenæum* in thinking that the Society for Protecting Ancient Buildings will be justified in hoping that the *Builder* will join in denouncing "the doctrinaire mischief," which is "urged by a pretended veneration for art."

And here we may say that London is not, in its totality, a beautiful city. You cannot think of it, for instance, as a coherently beautiful thing, as you can imagine one or two cities, such as Nuremberg and Rome as it used to be in Papal times. Still, there are those who admire the spring and liveliness of the dome of St. Paul's more heartily than the dome of St. Peter's, and who would prefer to visit Westminster Abbey to the Church of St. Sebaldus. We have one or two beautiful things in London—not many, it is true, but one or two. Some of our City churches, and one or two "bits" of accidental scenery, like the piled-up houses that meet the distant vision of one walking northwards through Parliament Street, make us feel not altogether unhappy for our unwieldy,



THE FIREWOOD GATHERERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. ROBINSON, REDHILL.

The sentence is a long one, and, perhaps, covers a stronger sense of indignation than it actually expresses. One is glad, not for his, but for art's sake, that the offender in question has departed "to the far East to study Sanskrit," but his sin is none the less heinous. It is one in a long list of similar sins, and deserves to be nailed on the head and made an example of at once. The snug person of modern days who has an endless conceit of his own ideas, who mouths architecture as some worldlings compose music, because it is the "thing" to do, is responsible chiefly for the widespread ruin which is being done to our ancient buildings from end to end of the country.

The worst of the whole thing hitherto has been that this odious person has been supported in an unaccountable manner by a section of the architectural profession, from motives which it would be rash to set out in words. One can only suppose that there was an "interest" attaching to such restorations sufficient to restrain the indignation of art. It is years since Macaulay uttered his spirited protest against the "restoration" which had converted St. Peter's ad Vincula—"that most interesting little chapel"—"into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." And the evil has since gone on—gone on and grown.

impossible Metropolis, and it is for the sake of these bright particular spots that one has a zeal for the beauty of London, so far as it can be secured, and that wanton kind of advertisement, sky-signs, making hideous the lovely and more hideous the ugly things of the City, calls loudly for stern suppression.

It is easy enough to run away into a false vein of sentimentality in dealing with such a subject; one is reminded at times of Mr. Du Maurier's "culchaw," and is checked, like any of Jane Austen's heroines, in the extreme utterance of one's persuasions. But imagine Athens, in the day of her glory, crowned beyond the fame of her Violet Crown with a galaxy of sky-signs! Fancy the Elgin Marbles overtopped by some professional and daily Isocrates or public-house Xenophon, clamouring in bad sculpture and worse colour for attention to their wares! The things are irreconcilable. But one must only, for the comfort of memory, suppose that much is tolerated in London because so much is ugly, and little would have been tolerated in Athens because so much was, beyond comparison, fair. That is the wrong way of regarding it. We should tolerate in London least of all in the way of additional ugliness, where there is so little in the way of compensation.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



AN EASTERN DIFFICULTY.



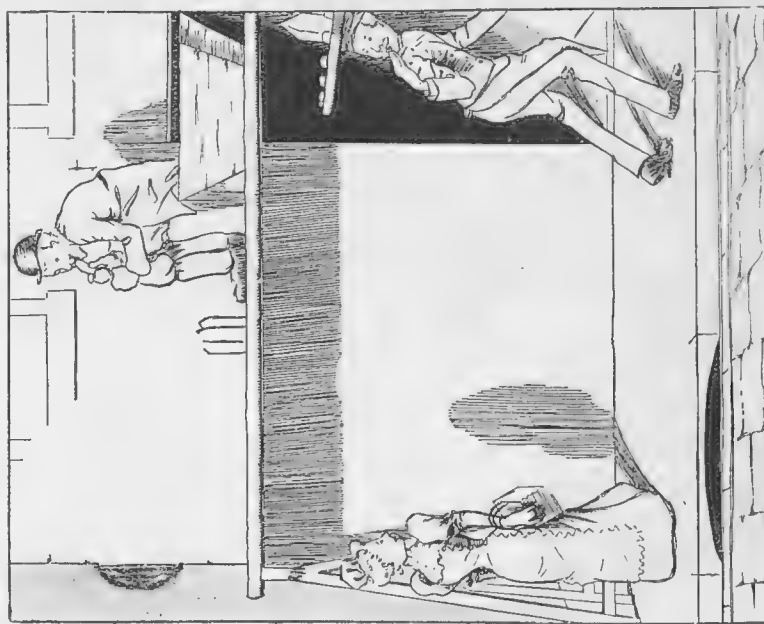
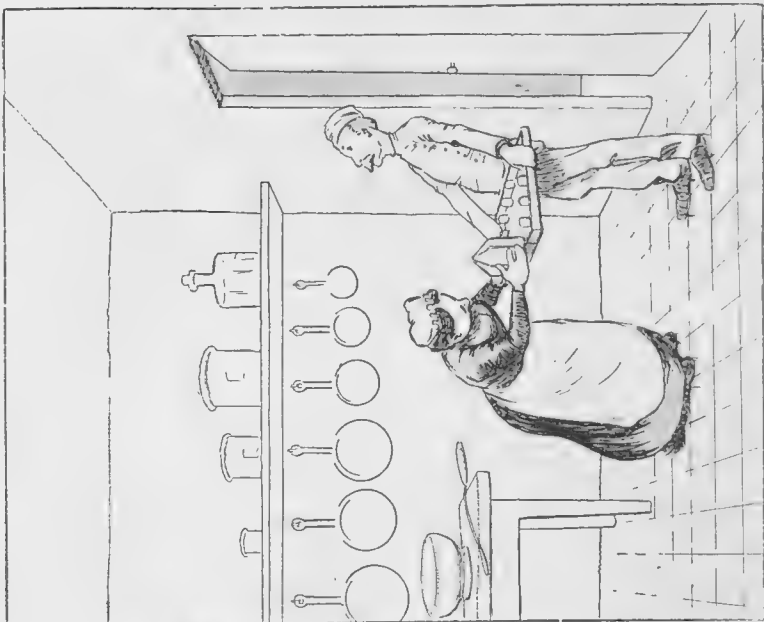
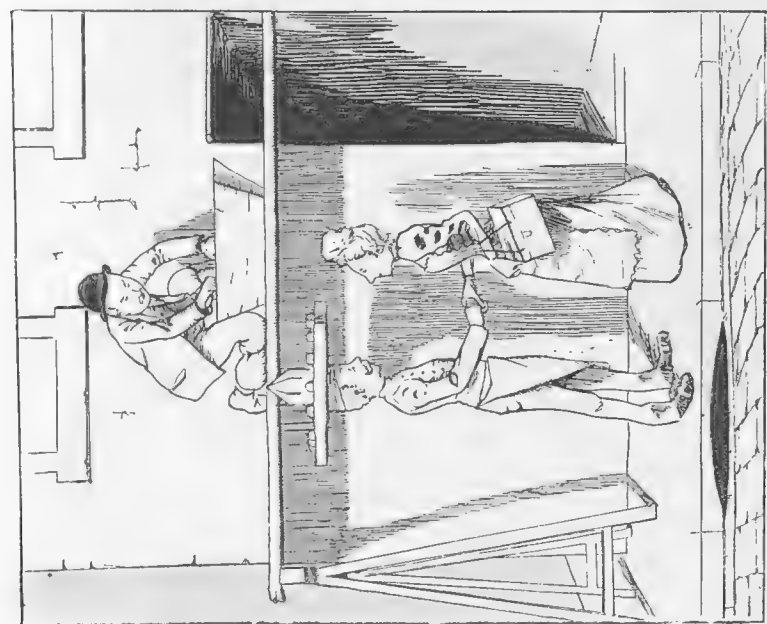
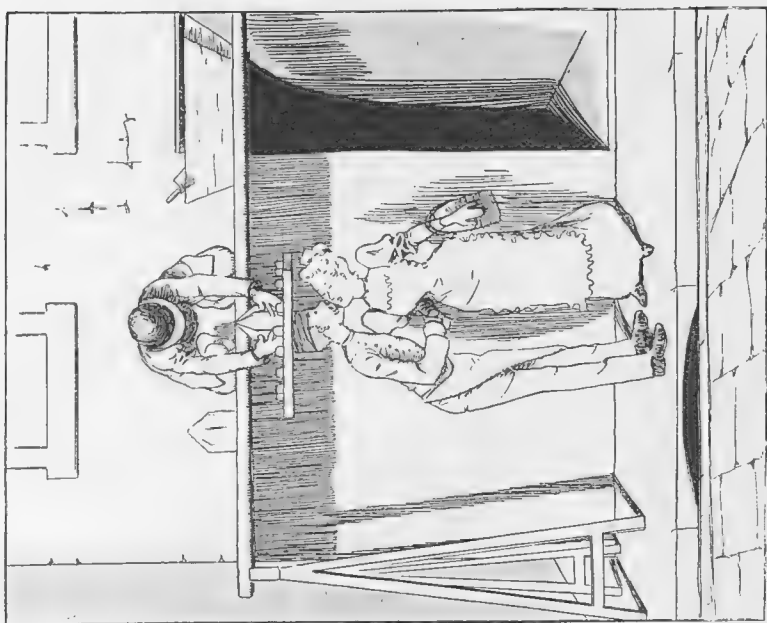
"Call *that* old wine? Why, it's in its cradle."

"Second childhood, Sir."





BETWEEN THE ACTS.



THE QUICKLIME CAKE.





"WE TWO!"

## WELLINGTONIANA.

Two-and-forty years ago, on Sept. 14, 1852, the great Duke of Wellington breathed his last. It is late in the day to insist upon all that England owes to the Iron Duke, both directly, as the result of his splendid victories at a moment when the name of Napoleon Bonaparte had become the bugbear of Europe, and little English children were taught to include in their evening prayers a petition that "Boney" might not come over in the night, and also indirectly, by virtue of the tradition of his magnificent courage and simple greatness of soul. But it is not always remembered that the man who thrashed Napoleon at Waterloo and changed the destiny of Europe played many parts during his life. Nineteen years after the great battle found him, as a man of peace, elected as Chancellor of the University of Oxford—an interesting example of "life's little ironies," illustrated in striking fashion by the accompanying curious old caricature of the period. Nor are the other sketches less significant. "The Man wot Drives the Sovereign" indicates the power wielded by the Duke during the term of the Wellington Administration, in the last year of the reign of George IV. The hooting and pelting of the Duke in the streets was just one of those curious instances of the weathercock vagaries of popular opinion which are never without their application to current affairs. In the case of the Duke of Wellington, however, it is as well to remember Christopher North's description of his assailants—"Who groaned and hissed the conqueror of Napoleon? Hackney coachmen dismissed for drunkenness—beaten boxers become pickpockets—prostitutes—burglars returned from Botany Bay—cashiered clerks with cash chinking in their fobs furnished by De Courcy Ireland—felons acquitted at the Old Bailey on *alibi*—shopmen out of employment, because they constantly robbed the till—waiters kicked from bar to bar for secreting silver spoons—emeriti besom-brandishers of the crossings of streets—sweeps—petitioning beggars, whose wives are all dying of cancers—mudlarks—chalkers to Dr. Eady—a reporter to a 'morning paper'—and the hangman." A pretty catalogue, of a truth. No wonder that the indignation of honest, great-souled Christopher knew no bounds when the news reached him in Edinburgh that the mob had hissed Wellington. And, to their credit be it recorded, the caricaturists of the day were almost without exception on the side of the hero. That they



should indulge in whimsical exaggeration of the Wellingtonian nose was inevitable—so marked a feature seemed, as it were, sent by a beneficent Providence for the special benefit and profit of the knights of the brush and the burin, and they would have been more or less than human to have resisted the temptation. But he was always the "Great Duke" to them.



Dedicated with much respect by the Artist and Publisher to the Mob, the Winds, and the "Times," or anything equally unchangeable.

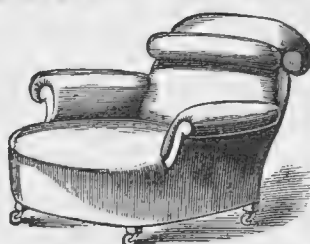


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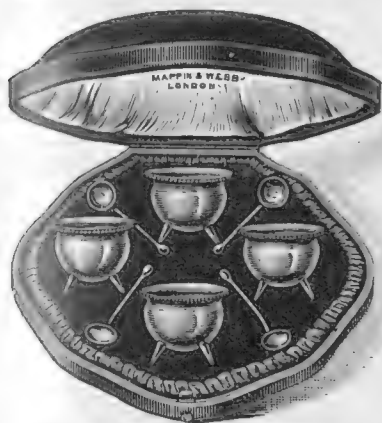
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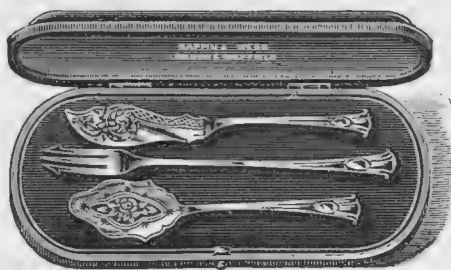
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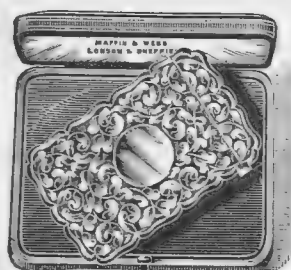
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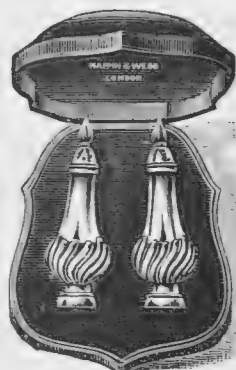
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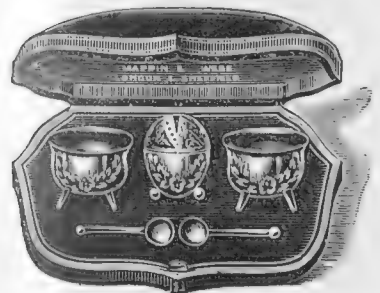
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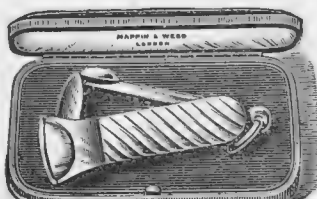


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## TO METAMORPHOSE FAT PERSONS.

We were reading in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* how to reduce obesity, wherein it says in that very excellent publication: "The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing machine will prove. The 'recipe' can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, 6d." We had the curiosity to send to this specialist, and found to our surprise that he had discovered a simple herbal remedy, most pleasant to the taste, which entirely disposed of the necessity of starving one's self if he wished to be rid of all superfluous matter. An interesting point which goes to prove that the almost magical compound is beyond doubt harmless, is that in prescribing it in a tentative way to lean persons, or rather to those who carry no superfluity of fat, beyond that which is required as fuel for nature's furnace, the medicine is absolutely inoperative, attacking only that unhealthy, disease-creating waste accumulation, which is the burden of the fat creature's existence. In many cases where people take decoctions, reputed to be new medical discoveries to cure some specific disease, they may recover by the action of the medicine, or Nature may have effected her own cure. In the case of corpulency, if a simple remedy undertake to reduce a person say, 7 lb. in a week, all that one has to do is to get weighed, and thus prove it conclusively. So it is with Mr. Russell's compound, but he asks you to prove it in twenty-four hours only."

The following are extracts from other journals:

## A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure"

(256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.—*Cork Herald*."

## EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one

or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending six penny stamps, a book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the book containing the "recipe," can be had post free from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

## CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending 6d. to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's book (256 pages), containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment, as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold; in summer they are overburdened by their own weight, in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air tubes are not free to act, as they would otherwise do without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

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## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## GLOOM AND GASPERS.\*

"A Sunless Heart" is a romance as incredible and as loosely-knit as "Wuthering Heights," and, if possible, even more gloomy. It has the same feverish atmosphere, as of a bad dream; some hint of the same realising—not realistic—power; and no trace at all of the same admirable literary gift. Of one, as of the other, we feel that its relation to daily life is of the slightest. The author of "A Sunless Heart," indeed, says, in a prefatory "Apology," that she gives "an impressionist view of two young and tragic lives. Their reality is their only *raison d'être*." It may be remarked, without malice, that the self-criticism in these words is as inaccurate as the construction. The facts narrated may all be historically true, but the picture has, nevertheless, no reality. Its merits, and they are considerable, lie altogether in another direction. It is because the picture has passion, thought, and feeling, that it deserves to exist, and succeeds in holding the attention.

A twin brother and sister—who are inevitably thrown into characterless pallor by the involuntary comparison with Mrs. Sarah Grand's more vivid and audacious pair—live, virtually alone, in poor London lodgings. Their Irish baronet father drinks and gambles; the brother is consumptive: the sister studies at a very odd art school, where she appears to paint original pictures of a sort that would in ordinary life require specially posed models. Gasparine—the twins are called Gaspar and Gasparine—witnesses from a window a strange scene, which, in spite of some hysterical notes and some unskilful wording, is extremely well rendered. The haunting, mysterious incompleteness and horror, the impression of pain and outrage left in the observer's mind, are the truest part of all the book, perhaps because the method of presentment does not allow of any spoken word. The persons of this story think and act at times not so very differently from people in real life, but their talk is as unreal as that of the virtuous on the melodramatic stage.

Gasparine's father having, in a drunken fit, tried to kill her, she very sensibly sought employment at a distance, and found it in one of the impossible vulgar schools which abound in fiction. This school was situated in Stirling, hardly a good place, one would think, for a consumptive patient, and here, after a time, Gaspar died. His sister was sought out and comforted by a young lady who was a lecturer in a local college—a fairy-tale college—and who lived in an exquisite house with an elder lady and a little, ostensibly adopted child, called by the strange name of Ladybird. The lecturer herself bore the name of Lotus Grace. It was the heart of Lotus which was sunless, and she accounted to Gasparine for her pessimism and inability to feel affection by saying that she had been "born old." Afterwards, however, she told her story, which was horrible enough to explain the darkest melancholy. She was the young girl upon whom Gasparine had looked from her window, the victim of terrible wrong, and the mother, in very early youth, of the child, Ladybird. Gasparine, after this revelation, devoted herself even more strenuously than before to Lotus, and Lotus herself began to see a possibility of consolation in the evident and almost declared love of a very shadowy professor, who is said to be everything that was upright and noble. But Oxford professors in fiction have a sad trick of fickleness; this one went away, and immediately fell in love with another young lady, who was an ex-pupil and ardent admirer of Lotus's. This girl, Mona, is, in fact, though it does not appear that the author meant her to be so, ill-bred, undisciplined, and ill-mannered to the verge of lunacy, and since she possessed money and disapproving relations would

in real life have run a good chance of finding herself in a private asylum. Lotus visits this eccentric person, repeats that she has never loved her, bids her farewell for ever, commanding her to wed her professor, and—excellent injunction—to "be as others are." Then she sets out on her homeward journey, meditating sanely and reasonably enough: "Why seek elsewhere for what I can never find? I shall go back and train the child, and let Gasparine heal me, and work in silent, hopeless, cheerful patience, until the grave is dug and fitted out and ready. How the child will dance to see me, and poor Gasparine, and Madam!"

She does not, however, go home, for the train runs into another, and she is thrown out, fatally injured. Mona, who has secretly followed in the next compartment, creeps up to her; the two lie side by side until they die, and they speak to each other with kindness, and with apparent happiness in dying together. Mona does not seem to give a thought to her lover; Lotus does not seem to feel any anguish in leaving her child. We are told that "those two were never found. Who buried them, who claimed them, friends never knew"—a final touch which completes the visionary character of the whole romance.

Does it seem all merely laughable? Regarded as a picture of actual life, it would be laughable; and regarded in any light, there are passages at which it is difficult not to smile. As a romance, it partially fails, for the simple reason that the writer has not properly learned her craft. She is capable of writing such a verse as—

The land we dreamed of, I and  
tlee,

and such sentences as, "'Who were they?' It is a question we ask about everyone when we come into connection with them." In short, like nine English novels out of ten, "A Sunless Heart" has plenty of material and a plentiful lack of form.

Romance, even more than realism, demands the graces of style, distinction, and fineness in the use of words—which is the very opposite of "fine-writing." It is the better, also, for a sense of contrast and proportion. All these qualities are, to some extent, matters of care, practice, and training. Their absence may be forgiven in a first story, though

hardly in a second. There are other qualities equally essential, which can neither be taught nor learned. These are passion, feeling, sincerity, conviction: these the author of "A Sunless Heart" has already.—c. b.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

THE AUTHOR OF "A SUNLESS HEART."

## THE REVIVAL OF "ODETTE."

Madame Anna Ruppert is to open the Princess's at the end of the month with a revival of Mr. Clement Scott's adaptation of Victorien Sardou's "Odette," with herself and Mr. Charles Warner in the leading parts. Sardou's play was originally produced at the Paris Vaudeville in the autumn of 1881, the cast including Blanche Pierson, Adolphe Dupuis, and Marie Legault, and the English rights having been acquired by the Bancrofts, the Anglicisation was brought out by them at the Haymarket, April 25, 1882. An "aggravating success" is the term that Mr. Bancroft has himself applied to the measure of public favour won in London by this interesting but unequal drama. The title character, that of the erring wife, was, it may be remembered, pathetically played by Madame Modjeska; Mr. Bancroft appeared as the injured husband, Lord Henry Trevene; the part of the majordomo at the gambling hell was written up for Mr. Brookfield, then coming to the front; and the powerful company further comprised Mrs. Bancroft as Lady Walker, Mr. Pincro, Mr. Conway, Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Smedley (one of the sons of the late Edmund Yates), and others,

\* "A Sunless Heart." Two Vols. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The new concordance to Shakspeare by Mr. John Bartlett is a magnificent work. The type is small but clear, and the citations are sufficiently full to make the pages agreeable reading. By the use of thin but opaque paper, the book has been made convenient for handling, although it runs to nearly two thousand pages. There are some four hundred thousand entries, and references are given to lines as numbered in the "Globe" edition of Shakspeare.

The Canadians are complaining of the Copyright Law as it affects Canada. They are now forced to buy practically their entire supply of new books from United States publishers, whereas they are, of course, able to, and under a just law could, manufacture a great many of these books in Canada. It is of no use for Canadian publishers to offer new books, for the United States publisher, when buying a new book, insists in nine cases out of ten on the Canadian market being included. "However," says the *Canadian Bookseller*, "the day of retribution is at hand, and both English and United States publishers may as well understand that this cruel injustice to Canada manufacturing interests will not be tolerated much longer."

A speaker at the Conference of Journalists said that the undue multiplication of ladies' magazines tended to reduce the general standard of wages, and that to his own knowledge the remuneration of some of the ladies connected with these magazines was merely nominal. The editor of *Sylvia's Journal* writes to ask for particulars. He names some of the leading ladies' magazines, and says that the contributors are very liberally paid. I believe this to be true, and I know of one ladies' magazine where during twelve months a sum of not less than £1800 has been paid for literary contributions alone. The editor of *Sylvia* will have the sympathy of all his brethren in saying, "I do not believe in the dark hints and the mysterious innuendoes with which the conferences have recently become more or less familiar." The detestable and cowardly fashion of attacking publishers and editors in this way ought to be put a stop to. Those who have complained should be compelled to make a definite charge.

St. Paul's is gathering a considerable modern library round it. It owes most in this respect to the Sub-Dean, Dr. Sparrow Simpson, whose "St. Paul's and Old City Life" (Stock) completes his trilogy of the history of the Cathedral. The previous volumes were "Chapters on the History of Old St. Paul's" (1881) and "Gleanings from Old St. Paul's" (1889). The trilogy is for readers with antiquarian tastes, but in the new volume there is something of general interest for others. One can hardly fail to mark what is, in fact, over and over again pointed out, that the former relations of the City to the Cathedral were remarkably close. Indeed, where to our minds an Alderman calls up a vision of banqueting, one of old days might rather have suggested him in the performance of pious offices.

But they had their lighter moments, and they were not ascetics, as may be gathered from the charming tale of "The Alderman who Attended St. Paul's without a Lining to his Cloak." On Monday in Pentecost, 1382, the revolutionary, or, perhaps, merely the slovenly, Alderman John Sely walked in procession from St. Peter's, Cornhill, to St. Paul's in his green cloak, but without the regulation green taffeta lining. It was a matter of serious deliberation for the Mayor and his brother Aldermen, and their judgment and punishment of the criminal are delightful. "The said Mayor and other Aldermen," they decreed, "should dine with the same John at his house, at the proper costs of the said John, on the Thursday following; and, further, the said John was to line his cloak in manner aforesaid. And so it was done."

M. Dubois' "Anarchist Peril" (Unwin) is an intelligent review of the extremer political and social opinions of to-day. It is not nearly so alarmist as its title suggests; it makes clear distinctions between the various Anarchist groups—the vague theorists, the idealists with their noses in the air, and with a contempt for actual conditions and possibilities, and the desperadoes; and it gives in small space definite information on a movement difficult to understand, and whose contradictory aspirations are not very correctly summed up in "Anarchism." Some interesting portraits of the personalities of the different groups are given, and the selection from their writings has been made in no sensational spirit. But the songs should have been left in the original; probably the translator, M. Derechef, hardly thought it worth his while to give them rhyme or rhythm in English. The most popular, and, perhaps, the most instructive feature of the book is the series of cartoons reproduced from *Père Peinard*.

The happiest man of letters in these isles must be Mr. Horace Smith, and mainly because he isn't one. Mr. Smith is in his serious hours a learned dignitary of the law; his literary ambitions wait elegantly on his leisure and his moods. But his leisure and his moods are accommodating enough to let him publish a volume every two or three years. At least, I met one two years ago, and here is another. He fears no critic foe, and little wonder; his innocence and candour would disarm the most ferocious. All blithely he pens his essays "On Character," or "On Hypocrisy," and sets off in the most light-hearted style, "It will be conceded that hypocrisy in its worst form is one of the most loathsome of moral diseases," and quotes all the old copy-book maxims we are in danger of forgetting because everybody but Mr. Horace Smith is too stuck-up to make use of them.

Then he writes little plays with broad farce in their titles—like "The Burglars Serenaded"—puts domestic incidents and legal witticisms into rhyme, and he calls the whole "Interludes," and persuades Messrs. Macmillan to publish them in a neat little volume. Happy Mr. Smith! May your confidence never fail you, nor literary instincts be roused in you! The world is better, or, at least, smoother, for your complacence.

Dr. Conan Doyle's series of medical stories will be published by Messrs. Methuen. If they are printed as they were written, I believe they will create a sensation. They were originally prepared for the *Idler*.

Miss Nora Vynne, whose first volume of short stories attracted some attention, and who is about to publish another, has made arrangements to publish her first long novel in *Sylvia's Journal*. Miss Vynne, who is an intimate friend of Mrs. J. M. Barrie, is the clever dramatic critic of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Mr. Frank Barrett has faced the worst kind of unsucccess in "The Justification of Andrew Lebrun" (Heinemann). His confidence in himself and in his plot is, however, not altogether misplaced. The book is one to amuse a holiday, so the plot shall not be divulged; but it may whet curiosity to say that it is of an old favourite order, where strange scientific experiments and investigation into the possibility of revivifying the bodily forces after apparent death play important parts. Mr. Barrett has not managed his impossibilities with much skill. There is a rising from the dead in it under circumstances that might have afforded a great deal of entertainment. The resurrected, an elegant young rake of the last century, when plunged into the world of to-day, learns its habits, slang, vices, with a quickness that is quite as miraculous as his revivification. His Rip van Winkle period of strangeness being so short, one chance of grotesque interest and incident is thus thrown away.

The miraculous, or, at least, the marvellous, should naturally be the attraction in a story of this kind, but that part is only saved from wreck by the tamer domestic scenes, which are sympathetically drawn. The household of the old chemist who discovers the dread secret is charmingly depicted, and the whole story, if patchy and incongruous, is very readable on a holiday afternoon.

As for Mrs. Oliphant's contribution to the list, a little friendly expostulation might be allowable with regard to "A House in Bloomsbury" (Hutchinson). But what use, seeing that the public will take all she gives them, and go on taking it as long as she likes, first out of gratitude for excellent past favours, and next because of the certainty that it will be harmless, possibly wholesome and amiable? Yet it is a pity, all the same, that Mrs. Oliphant, who has by no means lost her vigour and vitality, should descend to the level, and almost adopt the tone, of Mrs. Molesworth. In fact, Molesworth plus plot almost describes Mrs. Oliphant's latest productions.

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues" have already been much quoted from, and the as yet unquoted tit-bits should be read in the little book itself. Perhaps in the dialogues Mr. Hope has found the kind of thing which, from the point of view of popularity, is best worth his while taking trouble over. He cannot have many rivals in England, where the art of banter, graceful frivolity, and light social satire does not flourish. It comes so natural to him that he might well be tempted to let his other and weightier gifts alone.

These weightier gifts might serve him more permanently, of course. He has several distinct talents and manners. Besides that of the "Dolly Dialogues," he has shown his romantic view in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and his modern social spirit in "Half a Hero." In this last he is less obviously artistic, as a young writer is almost bound to be when he deals with strong emotions, deep human sympathies and interests, and not with the mere surface of life. There is a promise in it of finer qualities, only it is promise, and in the dialogues there is actual achievement. It will be interesting to note whether he is driven to choose definitely, as most writers seem to be nowadays, between his different talents.

Some of the letters of Edgar Allan Poe now appearing the *Century*, edited by Mr. George Woodberry, throw a curious light on Poe as a man of business. He had, at least, the instincts which are commonly held to lead to success. It is not the first time, of course, that the possession of these in a highly-developed condition has been shown to sometimes accompany a total inability to conduct on a business-like and successful footing. But the letters are an eloquent additional testimony. o. o.

## A CHEAP CHAMPAGNE.

Just as our farmers are anxiously watching the result of the ingathering of their crops, so are the wine-growers of France hoping for suitable weather for their approaching harvest. They can hardly expect so magnificent a crop of grapes as they had last year. Indeed, were such harvests frequent, champagne might become the drink of the many, instead of only the comparatively few. But at any time it need not necessarily be only the rich man's drink, for it is possible to get really excellent champagne at moderate prices. We need not always stick to the few leading brands. Messrs. Arnold, Perrett, and Co., of 7A, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., offer a champagne at the low price of forty-three shillings per dozen, which has good body, flavour, and colour, and is a most suitable wine for picnic, racing, and luncheon parties.



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### SCIENTIFIC TESTS FOR SOAPS.

#### Caustic Alkali—Soda or Potash.

"To prove the neutrality of soap, a little of a hot solution of corrosive sublimate is allowed to drop on a freshly-cut dry surface of the soap. Should a trace of yellow appear (due to the formation of yellow oxide of mercury), free alkali exists in the soap."—*Edin. Med. Journ.*

Or this Test may be used.

Add a few drops of alcoholic solution of phenol-phthalein. A pink coloration indicates either caustic potash or soda.

#### Arsenic—

Dissolve the soap in water, add strong Hydrochloric Acid, and digest. After separating the fatty acids by cooling and filtration, treat the filtrate either by Reinsch's or Marsh's Test.

N.B.—Care must be taken that all chemicals used are perfectly free from Arsenic.

#### Tartar Emetic (Potassio-Antimony Tartrate)—

Dissolve soap in water and add Hydrochloric Acid, separate fatty acids by filtration, and treat filtrate by Marsh's Test.

N.B.—Care must be taken that all chemicals used are perfectly free from Arsenic.

#### Mercurial Compounds, etc.—

Dissolve the soap in water, the colouring matters, containing the above-mentioned metals, being insoluble, can be separated by filtration. Vermilion (Mercuric Sulphide) volatilizes on heating strongly. Red Lead [Lead sesquioxide] turns brown on boiling with diluted Nitric Acid. Yellow—Chrome Yellow [Lead Chromate]. Green—Scheele's Green [Copper Arsenite].

#### Methylated Spirit—

Cut a tablet in two and smell the freshly-cut surface, when a faint spirituous odour will be perceived. Both methylated spirits and alkali harden the skin, but methylated spirits frequently contains certain organic impurities the action of which, while not definitely determined, is known to be deleterious to the skin. *It is only found in transparent soaps.*

#### Sugar—

Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of soap in about 2 oz. of water, add diluted sulphuric acid and warm; when cold filter off the fatty acids and to 2 drachms of the filtrate in a test tube add 10 to 20 drops of Fehling's Solution and boil. If sugar be present, a yellowish-red colouring and precipitate will appear.

#### Water—

Weigh 30 grammes of soap, cut into thin shavings, keep at a temperature of 102° C (say in an oven) for two or three hours, then re-weigh. It should now weigh not less than 26 grammes.

### HOW TO JUDGE SOAP.

(From THE CANTOR LECTURE, 1885.)

"It is obvious that it does not follow that a soap is of high quality as a toilet soap simply because it is practically free from excess of alkali, although the converse is true, viz., that a soap is entirely unsuited for application to the skin when it contains much of that constituent, no matter how excellent it may be in other respects. In short, a toilet soap, to be of the first class from all points of view must possess the following qualities, and foremost—

1. It must contain practically no free soda or potash.
2. It must be made from materials free from all traces of rankness, coarseness, or rancidity, i.e., the fatty matters and oils, etc., used in its preparation must be of the best quality carefully selected.
3. It should not be liable to discolour, or brown to any great extent on keeping; soaps which have undergone this change occasionally acquire the power of injuriously affecting sensitive skins, causing blotching and irritation, even though free from excess of alkali to any marked extent.
4. To be of high quality, a toilet soap cannot contain large percentages of water; for this entails the use of saline matters to 'close up' and harden the mass, and these, if present in any quantity, are not unlikely to affect the skin injuriously.
5. If tinted or 'medicated' by intermixture with nonsaponaceous matters, the soap must not contain any compounds capable of causing irritation, and especially should be free from poisonous metals, and notably, from mercury, lead, copper, and arsenic.
6. It must not be liable to melt away rapidly, even in hot water, and must lather freely, giving a bland emollient feel during use. Unless a soap can pass all these tests satisfactorily it cannot be regarded as a first-class article; if defective in one or more vital points, it can only be assessed as second-class; and if defective in many, third-class."

Dr. ALDER WRIGHT.

### HOME TESTS FOR ADULTERATED SOAPS.

#### Bad Fats in Soaps—

A surprising number of Toilet Soaps are made from putrescent fats (jetsam and flotsam). Put a tablet of one of them in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes, then cut it in halves, and the cut surface will exhal a heavy, sickening odour. "VINOLIA" SOAP is made from edible fats, which might be used for pastry.

#### Sugar in Soaps—

Sugar is not found in opaque, but in transparent soaps only. A thin slice of transparent soap burnt over a lighted match will give off the odour of burnt sugar. Sugar causes soap to dissolve too quickly, so that it sets free an excessive amount of soda and potash; besides, sugared soaps are wasteful.

#### Soda in Soaps—

Dissolve one part of any soap in the market in four parts of boiling water. When a piece of red litmus paper is dipped in this dissolved soap it will turn blue, showing the presence of free alkali, which is so injurious to the skin. "VINOLIA" SOAP contains EXTRA CREAM, to mechanically protect the skin when washing.

#### Poisons in Soaps—

Many of the materials employed to colour soap are extremely poisonous. "VINOLIA" SOAP embodies all the most recent advances achieved in the chemistry and manufacture of soaps. It is endorsed by the medical profession and the medical and scientific press, as no other soap is, or ever has been. A toilet article like soap selected for every-day use, should certainly be the best that science can supply.

#### Powerful Scents—

These injurious scents are used to disguise the smell of bad fats and methylated spirits (in transparent soaps). The presence of methylated spirit may be detected by cutting a tablet of transparent soap in two and shaving off a thin slice from the freshly-cut surface and smelling it.

#### Fatty Soaps—

"VINOLIA" SOAP is superfatted with an admixture which has nothing whatever in common with the oleaginous mineral and animal products entering into the composition of the imitations of "VINOLIA" SOAP, and which are merely crude mixtures of soap and grease.

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OPOPONAX.  
FRANGIPANNI.

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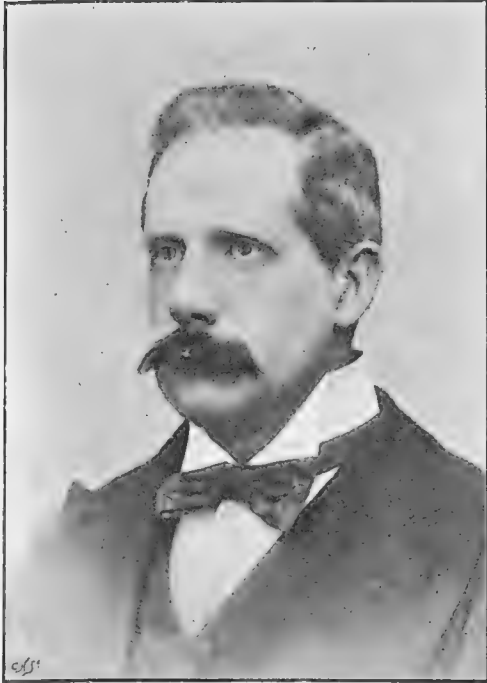
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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is unnecessary to mention that the portrait which accompanies my notes this week is that of Mr. F. H. Cathcart, for no racegoer need be informed upon this point; but in view of the recent record meeting at Lewes and those forthcoming at Alexandra Park it may be interesting



MR. F. H. CATHCART.

to say something about this painstaking racing official and his successes. Our most enterprising theatrical manager is anxious to combine horse-racing with dramatic interest, and this is just what the progenitors of the subject of my sketch did in years gone by, only in a different way. Mr. J. L. Cathcart, the grandfather of the present racing official, was known to fame in association with Charles Kean, and his son, Mr. J. L. Cathcart, will never be forgotten by those who used to enjoy pleasant gatherings at old Croydon. He was for fifteen years stage-manager to Mr. John Hare at the Court, St. James's, and Garrick Theatres, but, being interested in horse-racing, became

connected with the late Mr. J. F. Verrall, then manager of the stands at Croydon racecourse, and for years assisted him in his duties. When Mr. Verrall, who had the reputation of being one of the finest handicappers in England, took over and made a success of the Lewes race meeting, establishing the Southdown Club, of which the Prince of Wales is now a member—a very exclusive institution, from which more than one important owner of horses has been blackballed—Mr. Cathcart went with him, and it was during the labours involved in that undertaking that the gentleman whose portrait appears to-day began to pick up that insight into race-course management which now makes him a valuable coadjutor in any enterprise associated with the national sport. He is now part shareholder and manager in the Lewes undertaking, and the whole of the extensive alterations which have recently been made—such as raising the enclosures, rebuilding the stands, and widening the paddock—costing upwards of £3000, were conducted under his direction. He is well known also as manager of the stands at Alexandra Park, and occupies a prominent official position at Gatwick, where the convenience of visitors is so closely attended to. He was born in 1859.

The St. Leger this year will, I take it, be a very quiet affair. I am still of opinion that Ladas will win easily, and the Premier's horse may be followed home by Amiable and Matchbox. I regret to hear that Mr. Matthew Dawson will now retire into private life, and Lord Rosebery's horses may be transferred to Kingsclere, unless John Watts is prevailed upon to act as private trainer to his Lordship. Baron Hirsch, too, may once again patronise John Porter's establishment.

The man of the week is unquestionably Mr. Miles P'Anson, upon whose substantial shoulders fall many of the responsibilities attending the proper management of Doncaster Town Moor during the progress of racing—and after it. And this is not nearly so light a task as it looks, for every entrance and exit has to be guarded, the right man put in the right place, the stands and rails to be carefully overlooked, programmes and Press to be attended to, the course to be maintained in its customary excellent condition, and a thousand and one matters of detail to be seen to, for a meeting of the gigantic proportions of that at Doncaster requires more organisation than a regiment of irregular cavalry. At Doncaster, however, the Clerk of the Course receives generous assistance from local authorities, and is not regarded by a section of the community as a person of depraved tastes because he happens to be a racing official. There is less humbug in the town of butterscotch than at Nottingham, Leicester, or Northampton. While a considerable portion of his time is devoted to the interests of Doncaster, Mr. P'Anson is also an active official at Beverley, Catterick Bridge, Edinburgh, Lanark, Malton, Paisley, Pontefract, Redcar, Richmond, and Ripon, and was connected with the meeting at Scarborough, but this season the latter has been permitted to drop out of the list of fixtures. He rarely comes south, but his robust figure is generally to be observed in the little weighing enclosure at Epsom on Derby Day, and he has been seen at Sandown Park, where his equally popular cousin, Robert P'Anson, is Clerk of the Course. He lives at Malton, where another relative, William P'Anson, continues his successful business of training thoroughbreds, which has been conducted by members of the family for very many years.

The sport of kings is likely to benefit largely by the addition of the new school of non-gambling owners. Of recent recruits, Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, Sir S. Scott, Sir Horace Farquhar, and Mr. Leonard Brassey are all men of substance who engage in horse-racing for the love of the sport. It is gratifying to know that there are few members of the "Juggins" school on the course just now, and betting of the wild-cat order is almost a dead-letter.

Mr. "Jubilee" Benzon in his book shows that, had he left alone the cards and stuck to racing, his fortune would have lasted years longer than it did. There are, I regret to hear, one or two strong card cliques among certain racegoers to-day. One or two men of high birth and good education spot the moneyed new-comers and endeavour to get them to go in for cards. Several swells, highly connected, live entirely out of their winnings off the new hands at cards.

Many jockeys who have seen better days find it difficult to get mounts in races now, as so many owners run after the fashionable riders, who are eagerly snapped up for every race of the day, while if some owners cannot get them they will not run their horses. My own idea has always been the same as that entertained by John Porter, that there is not the length of a walking-stick between a good stable-lad and the best jockey who ever held a retainer. On the other hand, there are jockeys and jockeys. Some of the flash school have been tried and found wanting. Either they have not the ability to ride with success, or they are all the time playing the game of the ring. I certainly think that any jockey who has shown consistently bad form should have his conduct inquired into.

The racecourse cabbies have not had a good year, as, owing to the bad times, many of the swells have learned to walk to and from the course. Several cab-owners follow all the meetings from Goodwood to York and from Doncaster to Newmarket. The wear-and-tear in horse-flesh is very great, and they often have to replenish their stock on the road. Another drawback to these enterprising merchants is the fact that war prices prevail at all the towns *en route*, and they have to pay out pounds where shillings would do at other than race times. True, many of them have their regular customers; but things are cut so fine that one bad day in a week means a big loss.

On several occasions lately it has been found difficult to hear objections on the course, owing to the absence of certain stewards. I do think gentlemen who accept the trust should be present to do their duty if called upon. Again, I see no reason why, in these democratic times, ordinary owners should not be eligible to fill the post. Why, for instance, could not Mr. Robert Peck legislate on the course quite as successfully as my Lord Tomnoddy? I am certain if the post were filled by popular vote it would go to those who have sense, and titles would often be tabooed.

The successes of this year show that the Hants and Berkshire trained horses can hold their own well. The turf at Kingsclere, Lambourne, and the neighbourhood is healthy, and is suited for the training of racehorses. True, John Porter does not prepare his horses too early in the spring, but they generally win more than their share of prizes before the end of each November. He does not care to waste his time over weeds, but he is a masterpiece at fitting animals of the first class.

Several correspondents complain of being pestered with tipsters' circulars and offers from men who have "infallible systems" for sale. If the noblemen and gentlemen who say their letter-boxes are continually being filled with such rubbish adopt my plan, they will rid themselves of the nuisance in a very short time. In every case when a circular contains a name and address post it back in a closed envelope, and fail to put a stamp on it. This will cost the original sender some money, and he will soon tire of the game.

Foul riding is on the increase, and it is about time that an example was made of one or two of the worst offenders. Judging by the records, I should say that certain riders had little else to do but to take care of the favourites—that is, to look out that the well-backed horses had no chance of winning. It is exasperating to the talent to often see the horse that carries their money being hampered at every turn, and to be told after the finish that the favourite could have won by the length of a street. Further, it has been whispered that big fees have been demanded by jockeys for riding horses that are supposed to be fit and have no chance of winning, but are started to allow the handicapper to see them run. If I had my way, any owner who ran an untrained horse in any race should be made to pay a heavy fine. Half a century back, the adage that "an owner could do as he liked with his own" held good; but it is not so to-day, as backers know they have to find the money that is taken out of the ring by *coup*-working owners.

There will now be plenty of speculation over the Autumn Handicaps, and those clever people who fancy they have certainties for both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire may find when the figures go up that one or two horses which have been specially kept for the races may become warm favourites, as was the case when Burnaby won the Cesarewitch and Comedy the Cambridgeshire. It is refreshing to know that both races will be of the highest possible interest.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The air is heavy with rumours about what the Marylebone Cricket Club is going to do with regard to the county championship next season. Only one point seems settled, and that is that we shall have fourteen first-class counties next year. Hampshire have fairly played themselves into first-class form, and cannot be left out of the new county scheme.

The tentative proposal by the M.C.C. is that each of the first-class counties shall play six out and home matches, which shall count in the championship competition. Of course, most of the counties will play more than six double fixtures, which will mean twelve matches; but the M.C.C. do not state whether twelve matches only shall count in the championship series. This part of the scheme is almost certain to be modified. Every county that has spoken is in favour of playing more than six out and home matches; but even supposing one extends the number to eight or nine, and no proposal has gone above that number, this would still leave five counties which would not be played at all.

Let me explain. Supposing it were determined that each county would play nine home and away matches to count in the championship, it would be possible then for any county to play nine of the weakest. For instance, Hampshire might omit from their list Surrey, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Middlesex, and Kent, and in this way secure a position which would not be a fair test of their merits. To me there seems to be only one way by which we can secure absolute fairness, and that is that each of the first-class counties must meet every other county at least once—twice, if possible, but once imperative.

The system of scoring must also be dealt with by the M.C.C. Committee and the first-class counties. The present method, which awards one point for a win, nothing for a draw, and the deduction of a point for a loss, is, all things considered, a fairly reasonable one. At the same time, it might be well that the M.C.C. should reserve to themselves the power of declaring which is the champion county of the year. One can easily imagine an instance in which, by the present mode of scoring, a county might be fairly put out of the running on account of bad luck in the matter of weather. Let us suppose that Surrey play twenty matches, win sixteen, and lose four. They would then be credited with twelve points. Supposing Yorkshire play the same number of matches, and win thirteen, lose two, and draw five, they would then only score eleven points, although, relatively, their record would be better than that of the winners. In such an instance it might be well for the M.C.C. to declare Surrey and Yorkshire joint champions.

There seems considerable difference of opinion as to the probable success of Mr. Stoddart's team, which sails for Australia in a few days. For my part, I have no doubt whatever on the question of its strength. It is true it contains no particularly bright stars, such as a W. G. Grace, a Shrewsbury, or a Lohmann, but I am convinced that its all-round average of excellence is—I will not say greater, but at least as high as that of any English team that ever visited the Colonies. Out of the thirteen men selected, I think I could pick an eleven strong at all points, that would have absolutely no "tail" in the batting department.

Leaving Humphreys aside for the moment as a weak bat, perhaps the least efficient of the others as a batsman is Richardson, and even he is usually good for about a dozen. There is no reason in the world why, on a good wicket, each or all of the first nine batsmen should not score something like 50 each. Then the team contains men of different types. F. G. J. Ford will represent the hard hitter, or, let us say, the scientific slogger—a most useful man in an emergency. Brown, on the other hand, is a stickler—a man who can keep up his end when things are going wrong with his side. Stoddart and Brockwell will represent all that is best and brightest in free, scientific play.

As for bowlers, Richardson met with unmeasured success against the Australians when they were over here last season, and he is in better form now than then. He is one of the few fast bowlers who likes a hard wicket. Almost the same words apply to Lockwood. Briggs and Peel will supply the slow and tricky element, which the Australians love so little; and if old Humphreys succeeds just half as well as he usually does against the Colonists he will be worth his place. For change bowlers there are Stoddart, Brockwell, Ford, and even Brown at a pinch.

From the following list of representative matches to be played by Mr. Stoddart's team, it will be seen that they play Combined Australia no fewer than five times. The principal matches extend over four days.

## NOVEMBER.

- 9, 10, 12, 13—Adelaide, England v. South Australia.
- 16, 17, 19, 20—Melbourne, England v. Victoria.
- 23, 24, 26, 27—Sydney, England v. New South Wales.

## DECEMBER.

- 7, 8, 10—Brisbane, England v. Queensland.
- 14, 15, 17, 18—Sydney, England v. Australia.
- 22, 24, 26, 27—Melbourne, Victoria v. New South Wales.
- 29, 31, Jan. 1, 2—Melbourne, England v. Australia.

## JANUARY.

- 12, 14, 15—Adelaide, England v. Australia.

## FEBRUARY.

- 1, 2, 4, 5—Sydney, England v. Australia.
- 15, 16, 18, 19—Brisbane, England v. Queensland.

## MARCH.

- 1, 2, 4, 5—Melbourne, England v. Australia.
- 22, 23, 25, 26—Adelaide, England v. South Australia.

## FOOTBALL.

The battle of the League goes merrily on. Next Saturday the great event of the day will be the meeting of the champions and the ex-champions at Birmingham. So far, Aston Villa have hardly shown that form which won them the premier position in the county last year. Sunderland, on the other hand, have gone off with a rush which, if they can only keep it up, promises a return to the form which won them the championship in 1892-3. On this occasion, however, Aston Villa have the advantage of playing at home, and they will, no doubt, make a great effort to at least hold their own.

It is well, then, that they will be at home on Saturday, when they hope to meet and defeat the Stoke Club. Liverpool, one of the youngest of the League clubs, has shown astonishing form, and it is quite possible that they may beat Bolton Wanderers to-morrow, as well as Preston North End on Saturday. Burnley will require to play well at Sheffield to hold their own with the United, and the same may be said of Derby County, who visit the Wednesday Club at the cutlery capital on Saturday. Everton have made a very good start indeed this season, and so, for the matter of that, have Notts Forest, although they were defeated in a friendly match by Woolwich Arsenal the other day.

Football in the south of England has been confined to about half-a-dozen clubs. Professionalism is slowly, but surely, permeating the south, and as a result the quality of the play is improving. Great things are expected this year of Millwall Athletic, who are rivals with Woolwich Arsenal for the patronage of East London. They commenced their season in very good style by beating Loughborough, and since then have given a very good account of themselves. They are captained this year by J. Graham, a most gentlemanly fellow and a fine athlete.

## CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

Next Saturday afternoon the Fifty Miles Championship of the National Cyclists' Union will be ridden off at Herne Hill, and among others both A. A. Chase and J. Michael have been mentioned as likely to compete. Chase has had far more experience on the road than the path, and not long ago he beat Shorland's twelve-hour record; he is only twenty-one years of age, and commenced to ride in 1887, so that he has many opportunities of improving his status as a long-distance man. Talking about the defeat of Shorland's record, I may mention, in passing, that C. Fontaine, late music-hall artist, but now an energetic cyclist, beat the Humber man's London to York record, and there is some talk about Shorland making another attack on existing figures. Returning to the fifty miles race next Saturday, Michael should stand a very good chance of winning the event. Michael is the young Welsh lad in his teens who won the Surrey Hundred, and beat all previous records, and, judging from several paragraphs in the cycling newspapers, he has a great conceit of himself with regard to his wheeling powers.

OLYMPIAN.

## "BROCKERY."

The Firework King held his annual *soirée* last Thursday at the Crystal Palace. For many years "Brock's Benefit" has attracted thousands of good-humoured folk to risk rain, cold, and other discomforts, in order that they might gaze on the pyrotechnic displays associated with the name of Brock. The fireworks have often been finer than the weather: Brock's benefit has sometimes been the "benefit of a doubt" as regards the prospects of rain. But nothing marred the success of last week's event, or the joy of the fifty thousand people who assembled thereat.

The eminent firm had resolved to show in rapid succession the various features which they have introduced during the last thirty years. Mr. Brock, as he said at the collation which preceded the fireworks, wished to present "the essence of the past." The variety and the beauty of the items on the programme were remarkable. Now the sky was spangled with stars of many hues, and now it glowed with clouds of light. Across the dark horizon the fireworks wrote their message in magic lettering, or produced effects which would delight Mr. Whistler with their weirdness.

And during the carnival sweet music, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, jun., came out in pleasant relief to the detonating music of the sky. The most charming devices, perhaps, were those illustrating Shaksperian quotations, and the clever arrangement of revolving wheels. The children shouted with delight at the outlined animals which made a comical slow progression, and the pugilists whose "milling" was interrupted by the descent of "Time!" The chains which gradually shed their bright links were exceedingly effective, while the balloons which floated gracefully away took with them the enthusiastic applause of the great throng on the terraces. The "conclusion of the whole matter" was most brilliant, and left the onlooker terribly disappointed with the illuminant in the railway carriage which conveyed him homewards. The occasion always extracts reminiscences from the veteran who has been present at Brock's benefits since they were started. Such a one considerably amused us with tales of the 1851 Exhibition, "the old Dook," the youthful Queen and her Consort, and "that there big fountain, which I've knowed since I was a boy." But the old gentleman, though he mourned the degeneracy of popular songs from the days of "Enery" Russell, had to honestly admit that Brock's fireworks have every year proved more beautiful and more brilliant.



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*"In truth, Mariani Wine is perfect; gives us health, drives away the blues, and is of such excellent quality that whoever tastes it might almost desire to be for ever debilitated and depressed, thus to have a pretext to drink it."*

VICTORIEN SARDOU.



*"I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of Mariani Wine, which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality."*

HENRY IRVING.



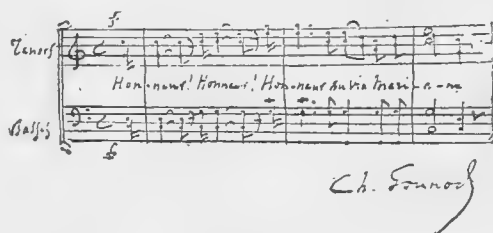
*"... The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigour, health, and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race."*

EMILE ZOLA.



CHARLES GOUNOD.

*"A tribute to the admirable Mariani Wine which has so often rescued me from exhaustion."*



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This INIMITABLE Coca Wine maintains health at its highest pitch, and restores to the debilitated health, strength, energy, and vitality. It is an aid to intellectual exertion, and is indispensable to brain-workers and those who suffer from Exhaustion, Depression, Insomnia, or Voice Fatigue. It is universally recommended by the Medical Profession as "a powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces." Authors, Composers, and Physicians; Lawyers, Churchmen, and Painters; Lyric and Dramatic Artists, Statesmen, Journalists, and Poets have each and all expressed their appreciation of the Mariani Wine in appropriate words of praise for the beneficial results obtained from its use. Sold by Chemists and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London. 4s. per bottle, or 45s. per dozen.

USE  
**"SEEGER'S"**  
 HAIR DYE.  
 THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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 SHADES,  
 BLACK,  
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 REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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**CORN RINGS** (In the  
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 Clocks of various periods and  
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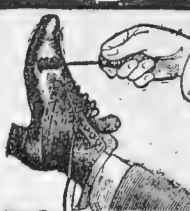
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4 ft. ENGLISH Carved OAK Writing Table, Leather Top, on Castors,  
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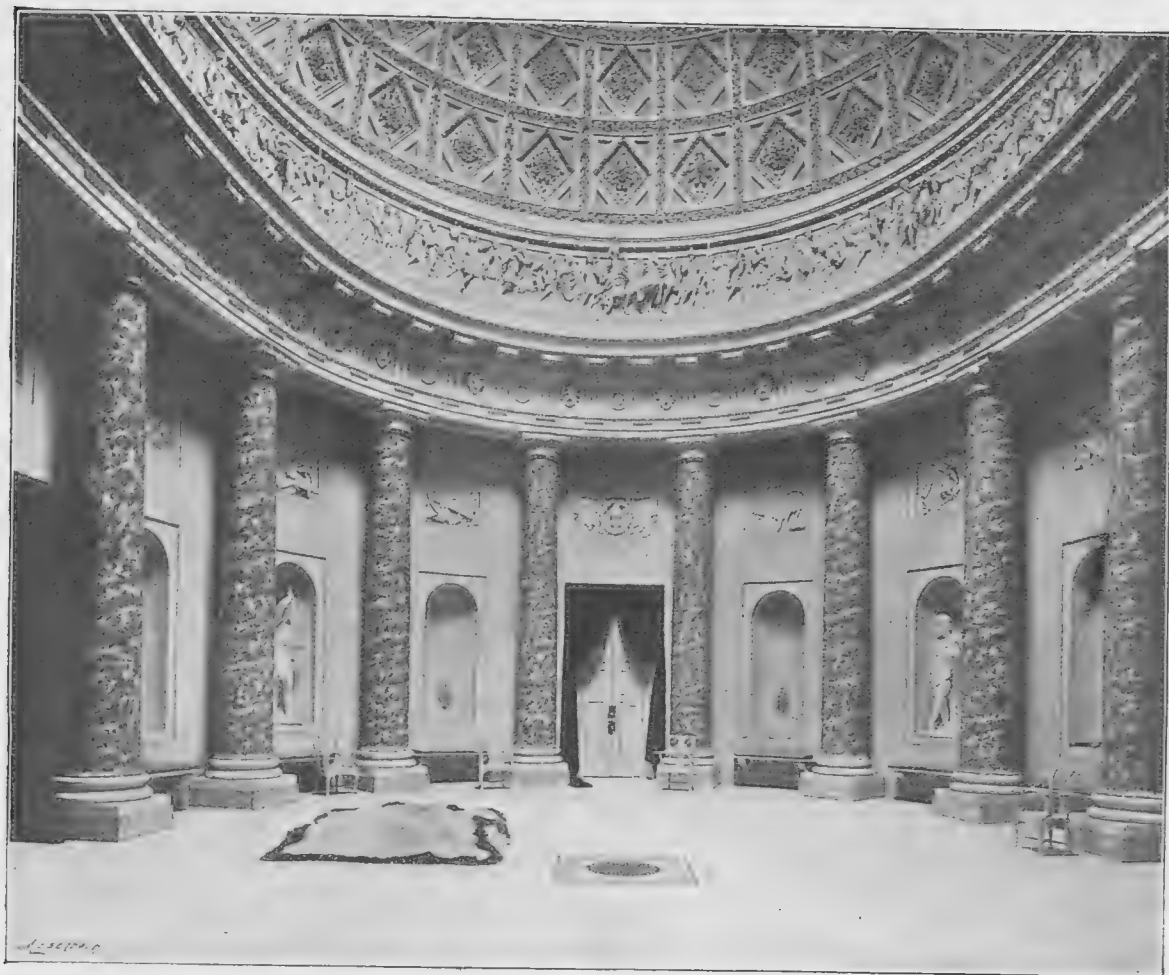
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STOWE HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: THE MARBLE SALOON.

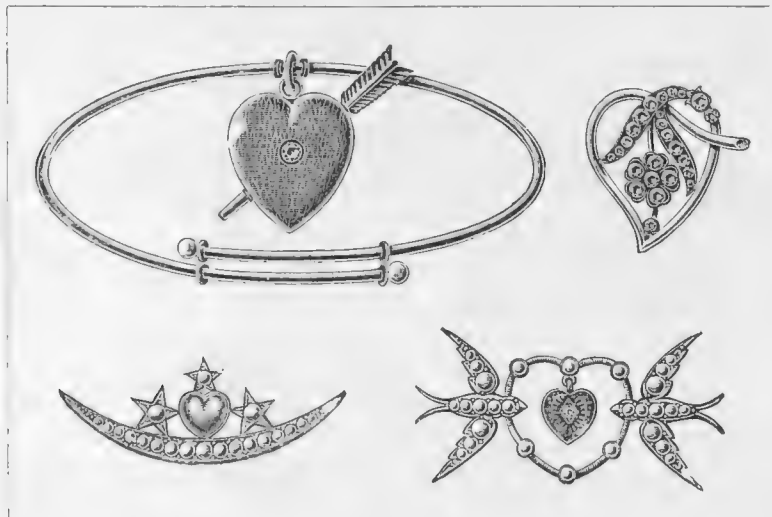


STOWE HOUSE: FRONT VIEW.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## "THE NEW WOMAN'S" DRESSES.

The glories of the gowns in which "The New Woman," in the person of Miss Alma Murray, makes her nightly appearance in the new Comedy piece, are in themselves quite sufficient to forward the cause of this particular "new" sister very considerably, and to make her an object of that imitation which forms the most sincere flattery—as far only as her gowns are concerned, be it distinctly understood. I have not, unfortunately, owing to my absence from London, been able to feast my eyes



upon the said dresses, but their maker, Mrs. Nettleship, of 58, Wigmore Street, has very kindly sent on some information respecting them, so I am able to satisfy your curiosity on the subject.

Miss Murray's first dress has a grey skirt, which scintillates with handsome jet embroidery, the bodice, of delicate pink foulard, being made with loosely-falling sleeves, lined throughout with black chiffon, while over it is worn a smart little guipure jacket, the whole effect being extremely good and distinctly novel.

Next comes an evening dress of buttercup-yellow ondine silk, the fulness of the draped bodice, which is composed of yellow chiffon, being caught on the right shoulder with a flight of large birds, the skirt drapery being also apparently held up by sundry other birds. As far as originality and effectiveness are concerned, this dress, of course, deserves all praise; but to me it is a painful example of the cruel thoughtlessness of some of Fashion's followers. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to see hats and bonnets decorated with the corpses of the harmless feathered creatures, which are so much more beautiful in their life than in their death; but when one thinks of the hugely-increased massacre which will inevitably ensue if this new mode of trimming evening dresses comes into vogue, it seems to me that it is time for women to make a stand against this veritable massacre of the innocents. Now, having relieved my feelings somewhat, I will pass on to Miss Alma Murray's third dress, in which no cause for offence can be found. It is composed of mauve crépon, the bodice having a full vest of shot-blue gauze and a deep jet belt. It is finished with a collar of fine black lace, the ends falling to the bottom of the skirt in a very graceful fashion.

As for Miss Winifred Emery, she looks supremely lovely in the most absolutely simple gowns. Blue cashmere, quite devoid of trimming, and worn with white collar and cuffs, constitutes her first dress, and the pale apple-green tea-gown which she wears in the second act is simply adorned with graceful draperies of white lace. An evening dress of white satin, with a lace and chiffon bodice, and a rustic frock of pink and white figured muslin, worn with a blue sun-bonnet, complete the list.

Nor must I forget to mention the charmingly pretty gowns which are worn by Miss Graves. First of all, there is one of white piqué, patterned with mauve spots, which contrast prettily with the full vest of yellow silk. Next comes a smart gown composed, as far as the skirt is concerned, of pink and white striped crépon, the full bodice, of white figured muslin, being held in with straps of the crépon, tied with black ribbon; and last, but not least, is Miss Graves' evening dress, which is of delicate green gauze over shot silk. It has a gold-embroidered waistband, and for trimming wreaths of violets, which outline the décolletage, while bunches of the same dainty flowers appear under the short puffed sleeves. The effect of this dress is infinitely more artistic and charming than Miss Murray's bird-bedecked raiment; but, apart from this one little jarring item, the gowns are perfect, and reflect the greatest credit on their clever designer and maker.

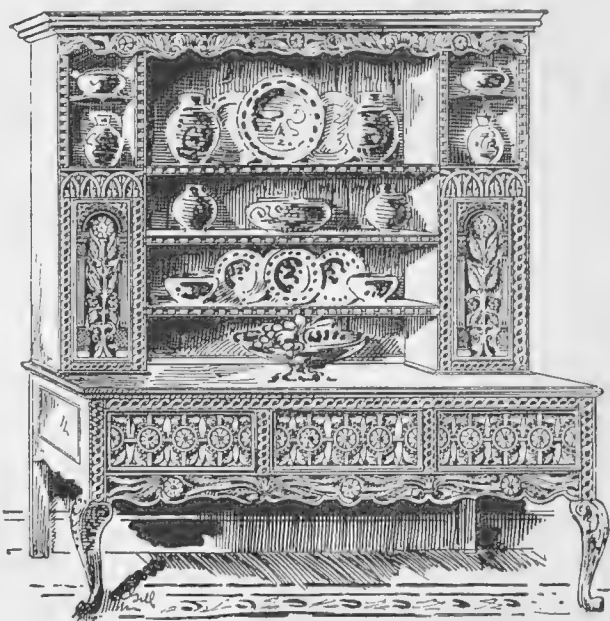
## NEW JEWELLERY.

Now that the holiday season is drawing to a close, or, perhaps, to be more correct, in consequence of the holiday season, which affords such exceptional opportunities for love-making and match-making—two widely different things, by-the-way—the star of Hymen is again in the ascendant, and we shall speedily be once more the recipients of somewhat too numerous invitations to wedding festivities, for is not each dainty white-and-silver missive a carefully-veiled, but none the less

peremptory, demand for a wedding present? Well, the jewellers, at any rate, are prepared for the invasion of a perfect army of present-seekers, and they also seem determined that we shall all be sentimental, whether we wish it or not, for you may select brooch, bracelet, pin, or ring, and all alike proclaim the triumph of the heart, which appears emblazoned with diamonds, pearls, or turquoises, as the case may be, for a plain heart of pure gold does not seem to be appreciated nowadays. It is wonderful to find how popular this heart-shaped jewellery continues to be—certainly it lends itself particularly well to all manner of quaint and pretty devices, and I suppose that, if the truth were known, nine out of ten people are sentimental when they have arrived at the stage of buying jewellery for the one particular "She," and then even ordinary present-givers favour the popular fancy. Take, for example, the bracelet and the three brooches illustrated, which are among the latest productions of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, where I have so often directed your footsteps in search of novelties—my recommendation still holds good, I can assure you. The bangle is a positive inspiration of genius, and pretty withal, so the price—£3 2s. 6d.—comes as a pleasant surprise. It is composed, of course, of gold, the fastening, as you will see, being both safe and artistic, and from it hangs a heart of enamel in any colour, a small diamond flashing in the centre. This heart is pierced through with an arrow, a most useful little weapon, which turns out to be a miniature pencil in disguise, and which can be drawn out and replaced at will. Is not the idea a good one? Then who could wish for a prettier brooch than the graceful outline heart in gold, in which is entwined a diminutive diamond forget-me-not? while excellent value for three pounds is the other gold outline brooch, studded with pearls, surrounding a tiny red enamel heart, with a diamond in the centre, which evidently forms a strong attraction for the two pearl swallows, one of which appears at each side. In the third and last brooch, the heart—a tiny turquoise one this time—is poised on a pearl new moon, and surrounded by three pearl stars, and as to the price, it is only £2 5s. One more novelty I must introduce specially to the notice of engaged couples, for it has been brought out expressly for their benefit. It takes the form of a tiny book of solid silver, which can be attached to the watch-chain or carried in the pocket—it just depends on the state of the wearer's feelings—which opens to disclose a receptacle for the loved one's miniature. It is a pretty little trifle, and useful withal, so, especially as it is only three pounds, I expect a good many fiancées will invest in or be presented with one.

## BEAUTIFUL OLD OAK FURNITURE.

From wedding presents to furniture is an easy, and, in fact, natural step, for marriages invariably entail more or less extensive purchases of the necessary household gods, and, as a matter of fact, there is a growing prejudice in favour of giving some article of furniture as a wedding present, and very sensible and acceptable are such gifts to the majority of young couples, most of whom, by-the-way, have a decided weakness for old oak, a weakness which present-givers will do well to encourage



CARVED OAK DRESSER.

as long as the famous firm of Hewetsons, in Tottenham Court Road, continues to supply such wonderfully handsome old oak furniture at such astoundingly low prices. Think, for instance, what a splendid show you could make for the very moderate expenditure of ten guineas, by presenting the picturesque old English dresser of carved oak, of which I have got an illustration for you! It is really wonderful value for the money, and there is a quaint charm about it which would commend it to any and everyone, I am sure, while the size, too, is a very convenient one for an ordinary house, the length being 6 ft. and the height 7 ft.

Then, too, the Monks' bench of carved English oak is a most useful and ornamental piece of furniture for any hall, especially as the seat lifts

[Continued on page 389.]



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 Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

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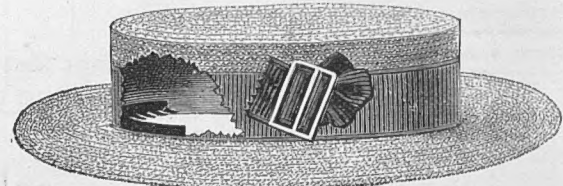
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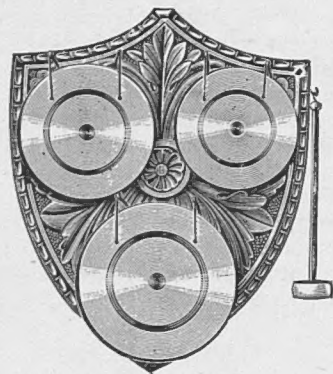


up, and thus permits of brushes and other necessary articles of general use being placed inside. If you want any additional recommendation, surely it is to be found in the price—only ninety-five shillings. And then who, for the sake of fifty shillings, could possibly resist the

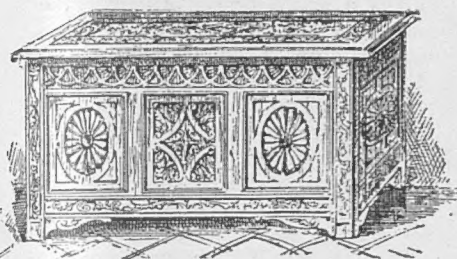


MONKS' BENCH.

fascinating little dowry chest, in which a bride would delight in storing all her special treasures? And last, but by no means least, let me commend to those who love musical sounds, and prefer to be called to their meals by melodious chimes, instead of deafening booms, the patent "Campanel," on a carved oak shield, which is to be obtained for the very moderate sum of £3 17s. This would be an ideal wedding present, and householders of no matter how



PATENT CAMPANEL.



DOWRY CHEST.

many years' standing can also with equal advantage treat themselves to one of these delightful instruments, which, I may tell you, have been used with excellent effect in several operas, on account of their fine, pure tones and the remarkable sweetness of the timbre. These four examples will give you some little idea of the excellence and cheapness of Messrs. Hewetsons' carved oak furniture; but to those who are embarking on the lengthy business of house furnishing let me commend a careful perusal of the splendid new illustrated catalogue, which will show them how to furnish a house complete for various inclusive sums, ranging from £150 to £1000. I need hardly tell you that, though a great feature is made of old oak furniture, of which Messrs. Hewetsons claim to have the largest stock in the world, modern goods are also supplied in profusion, and these are also distinguished by their excellence of quality and workmanship, and wonderful moderation of price. Take, for example, one of their new bed-room suites, the "Haddon," which is carried out in stained art-green ash, with solid copper fittings, and which—comprising a wardrobe with cathedral-glass panels, a dressing-chest with glass and jewel drawers, a washstand with marble top and art-tile back, a towel-horse to match, and two rush-seated chairs—is only £28 10s., a price which anyone who saw it would be only too glad to pay. The "Ascot," a somewhat similar, but not quite so elaborate a suite, is only twenty-one pounds, and, as this green-stained furniture is at the height of its popularity just now, the demand for these two suites should be enormous. I could go on quoting equally attractive examples for hours, but the catalogue will do the various goods far more justice than any words of mine.

And now from the heights of art we must come down to the more prosaic but, at the same time, almost equally important question of the best way of keeping the fashionable brown leather boots and shoes in good condition, in spite of the hard treatment to which they are subjected during holiday time. And first let me warn you of the awful fate which, unless you are thoroughly provident, may befall the said boots and shoes when you find yourselves stranded in some out-of-the-way country or seaside place, where the inhabitants know not the name or merits of Day and Martin's "Russet Cream." Let me urge upon you the necessity of providing yourselves with one of these handy little bottles, which are specially intended for use when travelling. During the last week I have been testing its capacities to the utmost upon shoes soaked with sea-water—shoes which are now waiting to carry me down to the sea-shore, from which I seem to have been absent so long that I must cast work aside at once, and hasten to renew my acquaintance with the seagulls, which, on the whole, I find quite as companionable and infinitely more good to look upon than the average tripper of the popular watering-place.

FLORENCE.

## MISS EDITH KENWARD.

Miss Edith Kenward will make her appearance in "The Chinaman" at the Trafalgar Theatre to-morrow night. It was the mercurial Mr. Arthur Roberts who was her first manager, and she danced in "Marita" under his critical eye. Then, with the "Kangaroo Dance" in "Dr. Bill," she appropriately leapt at once into general favour, and she so identified herself with her own terpsichorean invention as "to be sold with the play" when it was produced for Mr. Alexander in New York, with the extra attractions of three dances specially written in for her, and with one in particular she quite eclipsed two celebrated Spanish dancers who previously to her coming had been the rage in New York. With her fearlessness and high spirits, one can well imagine the zest with which she took part in Ibsen's unlicensed plays at the Independent Theatre, especially as the reckless Regina in "Ghosts" and the eccentric Hilda in "The Lady of the Sea." Then, her keen sense of the humorous created an inimitable Mary, the housemaid, in "Husbands and Wives" at the Comedy, and the great scene in the police court will long be remembered in connection with her. And this play, with G. R. Sims' "Grey Mare," Miss Kenward stage-managed simultaneously on their transference to America. Another leading feature in this volatile young lady's career was her supplying the comic element in Maurice Barrymore's opera of "Waldemar" on the occasion of the inauguration of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Afterwards, as Miss Kenward can relate with graphic power, she travelled with a road company, giving "night stands" for a month right off, and though everything was generally delightful, yet getting up at four in the morning and trudging through snow two feet thick must be reckoned an appreciable drawback. Most comical is her description of her interviews with some of the theatrical managers when she was engaged in representing Mr. G. R. Sims respecting the production of some of his dramas. "Never mind about the manuscript, my dear; just show me the posters, and if they suit, the play is sure to." And it is quite touching to hear how much interest is taken in our great melodramatic playwright by the people



"on the street," who seemed never tired of listening to a description of his personal appearance and anecdotes of his cats and his dogs.

"And now tell me about your new part, for what you say won't forestall the play itself by many hours?"

"Well, I can only speak of what I do myself. I'm an American circus rider, but I do a Chinese dance in petticoats with an understudy of tights underneath, and I leap through a paper hoop off a sofa. However, I reckon it won't shock the L.C.C. too severely."

"Miss Kenward, please, the stage waits," cried the call-boy, so I vanished.

T.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 8, 1894.

Money still goes a-begging in Lombard Street, advances from day to day being obtainable in any quantity for a peppercorn, the trouble with the banks being to find anybody to take their floating funds at the most nominal rate of interest. Never has capital been more of a drug than at present, and, according to all appearances, it may be many a long week before the joint-stock banks can afford to allow the public even 1 per cent. on its deposits—the rate that used to be regarded as the irreducible minimum.

This state of affairs is the Purgatory of the banker, but the Paradise of the investment broker, who finds buying orders pouring in upon him, for money must obtain a resting-place somewhere. The pressure of capital has continued this week to tell on "gilt-edged" securities, until Consols have actually been forced up to the unexampled quotation of 102½, with a quarter's interest just deducted. We sold stock this week for a client at that figure, which stock he had bought last November at 97, so that in ten months he had a profit of 5½ per cent. in capital value, as if Consols were a speculative security. Yet when he bought he fancied he was getting in at the top or near it, the highest record at that time, since the conversion of 1888, having been 99½.

In striking contrast to the extraordinary figure at which Goschens stand is the assurance given by the amount of the "Rest" in the Bank return that the Bank of England dividend for the half-year will be at the rate of only 8 per cent. per annum, as against 9 per cent. for the last half-year, and 10 per cent. for the half-year before that. The declaration will be at the lowest rate paid within the past thirty half-years, not to go further back. Such a result we foreshadowed last week, and although the meagre character of the profits is, no doubt, due to the exceptional losses suffered by the Bank, into particulars of which we need not go, as that dirty linen has been already washed in public, yet the superabundance of money is the main factor. With the stock of bullion at nearly 40,000,000, with market balances at over 39,000,000, the reserve at almost 31,000,000, and its proportion to liabilities over 70 per cent., while the minimum rate of discount has stood at 2 per cent. since Feb. 22, it is little wonder that the half-year has been a bad one.

Silver is sliding back again in price, the recent sharp rise having been too speculative for permanence; but it would probably be a great mistake to assume from this relapse that the improvement in the metal is over. It is not in a week or two that silver can be expected to regain its lost ground, and the pace was too fast for conditions. The Chino-Japanese war is dragging along slowly, and that is what the white metal is likely to look to for some time to come. Meanwhile a discouraging effect has been produced by the weakening of the Indian exchanges and the marked slackening in the demand for Council remittances, rupee paper dropping in company. The Government is pushing on the conversion into Three and a Half per Cents., the 1854-5 issue having been included in the list on Monday, to the disgust of the holders. Still, they should agree to the conversion, for if they elect to be paid off, in what better quarter can the money be placed?

Already the demand for speculative investments is attaining proportions undreamt of a few months ago, and it has been particularly strong in the South American department. That section of the Stock Exchange has depended for nearly four years on the Baring Estate, for the presence of enormous blocks of South American securities in the Baring holding was a continual menace to the market. But gradually that incubus is disappearing, this week having seen an important step taken towards the liquidation. The Barings held about two millions and a-half nominal in Buenos Ayres Waterworks bonds, and this fact kept the market price of these bonds lagging far behind the price of the Sterling Loan of 1886, although there is extremely little to choose between them. Under the Rothschild-Romero agreement they draw the same interest, and, although the 1886 loan has a prior claim to arrears of interest some years hence, the Waterworks bonds have the superior security in the event of further trouble. On Tuesday it transpired that a syndicate, for the most part banking houses, with Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., it is understood, at the head, had taken over a million sterling, partly firm, partly on call, at figures ranging about 59½. In anticipation of this, the market price had been put up to within a short distance of that figure, and the rise has been well maintained.

Our recommendations of Uruguay Three and a Half per Cents. have, you will admit, been entirely borne out by the facts, and it may interest you to learn that these bonds also have a similar support behind them, although on merits alone they deserve to stand at least at 50, when the yield would still be 7 per cent. A similar syndicate took over a million sterling of these bonds from the Baring Estate four months ago, and, despite the depression of business, it has been able to realise the lot with considerable pecuniary advantage to itself. In the estate there still remains £600,000 of the bonds, on which the same syndicate has the call at 45 all the rest of this year, *ex* the November coupon—in other words, the call is now at 45 7-8 *cum* the coupon. With its appetite whetted by the previous successful deal, the syndicate will not rest until it has taken over the balance, and as it cannot afford to do so until the price is well above 46, to allow a fair margin, our favourable opinion is stronger than before.

Brazilians have had a considerable rise during the week on support from New Court, accompanied by rumours that a German group of bankers had taken over from the Rothschilds the balance of a million

sterling of the Western of Minas Railway loan, only partly subscribed for in 1893. The issue in that year was such a poor success that the Rothschilds must be very thankful to be rid of what is left, especially as their hands are full of these bonds even yet. In the circumstances, we cannot recommend you to follow the Brazilian rise further, as the advance will be utilised for purposes of unloading both here and in Berlin.

An ugly effect was produced on Tuesday by the announcement of the Caledonian dividend at the rate of only 4 per cent. per annum for the half-year, accompanied by the intelligence that it was proposed to issue £1,090,000 of new ordinary stock at 120, bearing interest from the beginning of August. The dividend was at the same rate as for the corresponding half, but, as some sanguine people had expected as much as 4½ per cent. and even cool-headed observers looked for 4¼ per cent., the dividend was disappointing. It was the new stock, however, that caused the sensational drop in the prices of Caledonian issues, for, although the company's powers were not exhausted, there was no more stock authorised both by Parliament and by the shareholders. The new issue was, therefore, a complete surprise, for the shareholders will not be asked to sanction the creation until the forthcoming meeting.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

**THE EMPRESS OF COOLGARDIE GOLD MINE (LIMITED).**—This is one of those concerns which has been waiting for the abortive West Australian gold boom, but has at last, in despair, been brought out. Mr. Horatio Bottomley and others have been trying to get up some sort of excitement over mining in Western Australia, but the whole thing has fallen so flat that it seems something very like a waste of space to warn our readers against this Empress of Coolgardie affair. Dear old Bayley's reward claim appears in the prospectus a dozen times, although the property which this concern is to work is situated two and a-half miles away, and we are treated to eloquent paragraphs on Tindall's claim, which is supposed to adjoin one of the Empress blocks. A little more about the company's property, and very much less about other people's, would be a good thing. Mr. Lane has consented to become "consulting engineer," which in itself, according to the prospectus, is a guarantee of success, but as the gentleman in question, by an agreement dated July 3, 1894, appears to be a vendor, it is self-evident that the value of his having agreed to do certain work for a reasonable remuneration is not very large. Not a few leaseholders on the Coolgardie goldfield would like to sell at £5000 an acre, especially when, as in this case, there is no reason, judging by the statements in the prospectus, to give as many pence. The working capital is quite inadequate, and will never provide a battery and heavy pumping machinery, much less pay for development work. Of course, pumping plant may never be wanted; but then there will be no water to run the battery, and the last state of this mine will be worse than the first.

**HAMPSHIRE THREE PER CENT. STOCK.**—The Bank of England is offering £50,000 of this stock for tender with a minimum price of par. In the present temper of the public the issue will be subscribed for with avidity, and, as no one could wish for a better security, very little need be said.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ROSE.**—The ordinary shares are about four shillings, and we should be buyers rather than sellers. Of course, it is a speculation, but, unless the information which reaches us is very wrong, the prospects of the concern are improving. Please note that we can only give you our opinion for what it is worth, and have no certain knowledge.

**ALFRED.**—The less you follow the advice of the Joint Stock Institute—which, of course, is but another name for Mr. Horatio Bottomley—the better for your pocket, and we advise you to give the Great Boulder and other West Australian gold mines a wide berth.

**O. P.**—Buy a few Van Ryms if you want a speculation which has at least the merit of some substance behind it. Ooregums are good enough, and we do not advise sale. Take what you can get for the other shares in your list, which contains all the worst rubbish vended by outside brokers.

**VICTIM.**—Percy Barclay and Co., like Turner Lupton, have turned their business into a limited liability company, and the less you have to do with either the better for you.

**CHILL.**—Hold San Jorge shares, and, in fact, all nitrate concerns. Proposals are still on foot for dealing with the deposits of the reconstructed Australian banks, and when ripe we will advise you again.

**SIGMA.**—The Southern States Land and Timber Company is a production of the Pollock gang, and E. Noel (late of the Trustees Corporation) is chairman. We advise you to look on your money as lost. Both banks are sound enough, and you may hold your shares in safety. Fall in with the reconstruction scheme of Moore and Burgess, Limited, as it is your only chance.

**LADY.**—These Hudson Tunnel Railway bonds are valueless, and unless the necessary money is raised to complete the work you can look upon your money as lost, and yourself as one of the many victims of a swindle. The trustees, we believe, have resigned when there was no more money to pay them their remuneration.

**J. B. C.**—The concern went into liquidation early this year. It was never born for any other purpose. We can learn nothing of the outside broker you mention. He has levanted.

**AMBER.**—If you were a constant reader you would not need to ask our advice. We are strong believers in Mexican 6 per cent. bonds, and advise you to hold.

**W. C. M.**—(1) Hold for a moderate rise and then sell half. (2) We look upon De Beers debentures as a sound second-class investment. (3) Uruguay 3½ per cent. bonds, or Uruguay Northern debentures, or Nitrate rails, are each of them good enough for your money, and will pay you the rate of interest you say you require.